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THE SIMPLICITIES OF SCIENCE

IT IS reported that the news sleuth who ferreted out Professor Einstein's hiding place on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, discovered to his amazement that the eminent scientist was "smoking his usual short pipe" and preparing to have dinner with his family. We confess to some difficulty in grasping precisely how the man was expected to appear. He might, of course, have dressed in a robe of spun gold upon which the essential facts about relativity had been embroidered in lapis lazuli, or come promenading down the Siegesallee surrounded by six trumpeters and an attendant with a Persian parasol. But if the professor had gone in for that kind of wardrobe, he would perforce have been obliged to select a menu different from that in which he indulged, the pièce de resistance of which is reported to have been a stuffed pike. And it would seem, in all truth, that an Einstein thus caparisoned and fed would necessarily be an entirely different Einstein.

May there not be concealed under this discussion a fundamental difficulty of our time? Intellectual authority has gained a remarkable ascendancy over the public mind. Science in particular—and not merely the sciences of nature—is a matter which the average citizen is willing to reverence. But he finds it hard to visualize the impact and significance of those who speak in its name, because no outward splendor of any kind bears witness to the inward power. Henri Poincaré was really an epochal figure in the world of thought and experience; and in the flesh he seemed only an absent-minded gentleman clad in a rather shabby suit. Nor are the robes of academic state of any assistance. A perfectly incompetent nonentity may strut about in a doctor's hood as easily as the greatest master of research. What is missing is a sign of authority worthy of respect. The minds of none of us mere laymen, probably, will ever fathom relativity or know what slavery was under the Roman rule. But that somebody knows is an impressive circumstance, for the reason that the ultimate distinction of humanity lies in the ability to know.

If the point of view be shifted now to a different level—to the plane of religion and spiritual truth—a matter of considerable interest can be stressed. Christianity, if it be anything genuine, is also a science. It stands or falls by its claim to possess accurate information about the dealings of God with man. The more profound details of its knowledge may never

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prove assimilable to the average person—as, indeed, ultimate insight is almost always reserved for sanctity. But all of us need to feel sure that somewhere there does exist an authority which speaks in the name of Divine knowledge. Therefore, during many centuries, the Catholic idea, the Catholic ministry, have been expressed in an outward symbolism immediately impressive. The vestments of a priest are only the garments which imagination demands for a priest. Ceremonial is nothing more than an expression of abiding sacramental activity.

How wise this policy has been is once again evident from the nature of the Roman settlement. Considerable inability prevails to understand why the Papacy should have persisted so tenaciously in demanding a territorial sovereignty which, in all truth, amounts to so little. The answer is surely that this demand has succeeded in obtaining for the spiritual authority of the Church the outward expression which makes its significance clear. Who can fail to discern how independent is a power whose essence is to transcend the might of temporal rule, now that its freedom is visible? And surely those who deny that such giving of expression to authority is valuable have the burden of showing in what other way it is possible to reveal so well the luminous freedom of the Christian soul.

WEEK BY WEEK

SEVERAL aspects of the Roman settlement are commented upon effectively in Signor Mussolini's written report, as that has been outlined in the press.

The Roman Settlement

First it reveals that the Vatican asked for no international guarantee of its new position, nor for any route to the sea. Though some criticism of this restraint has been expressed, particularly in French circles, it makes clear the willingness of the Holy See to accept the good faith of Italy without hesitation. Secondly, the Premier comments upon the widely discussed question of the rights to be accorded other religious groups: "The full liberty in the exercise of other cults existing in the state, and the equality of citizens before the law, whatever religion they profess, is not and could not be touched in the slightest way. We propose to set this fact forth with precise laws guaranteeing in a tangible manner the free exercise of every cult when it is not contrary to public order and the common good, reaffirming the lack of connection between religion and enjoyment of civil and political rights." This statement is, of course, in complete harmony with canon law, which declares that "nobody may be forced to accept the Catholic faith against his will." But it is good to have the matter stated thus clearly by the statesman most directly concerned. Curiously, some people seem to have taken it for granted that Vatican and Quirinal would conspire to prevent diverse dominies from saying their prayers in public!

LIKE unto those observant authors who began to relate the inside story of the world war immediately after its close, Mr. William P. Helm, jr., has inaugurated a survey of campaign secrets. In an article contributed to the Washington Post, he tells what happened in the South in so far as he, director of publicity for the Dixie division of Mr. Hoover's cohorts, was able to observe. The chief purposes, of course, are these: to vindicate the Republican National Committee, and to absolve Colonel Mann of all guilt in having connived with prejudice. But one can always overlook a writer's purposes. What counts is what he has to say, and at the very start Mr. Helm says: "With another man as the Democratic nominee, the overwhelming chances are that certainly four, probably five, and possibly all six southern states would be counted in the Democratic column today. They were carried for Hoover by hammering away at Smith's two points of weakness—his wet views and his religion." But who did the hammering? In the words of our author, "not a dollar of Republican Committee funds went to buy a single copy of the Fellowship Forum and other anti-Catholic organs." As a matter of fact, "the Committee knew little, if anything, officially about it," and beyond "placing evidence in Bishop Cannon's hands," Colonel Mann was as innocent of prejudice as a Botticelli cupid.

Now It Can Be Told

WELL, who did the hammering? According to Mr. Helm, "the Methodists and the Baptists, mainly, defeated Smith." Indeed he goes somewhat farther in the direction of specific agents. "Allied somewhat [how marvelous a word is somewhat!] with the southern director in his work was the Anti-saloon League. How much it spent I do not know, nor was the sum ever reported to the Republican Committee. Why should it be reported? The Committee didn't spend it. The Baptists also, with headquarters in Nashville, almost to a unit were out working for Hoover. But their effort was collateral with that of the Republican organization, not of it." And so, though the mud "was stirred up mightily," the skirts of the G. O. P., and more specifically the trousers of Colonel Mann, remained immaculate. If this be granted, it follows that neither the Colonel nor his organization is entitled to any credit for having conducted a successful campaign. Smith was beaten by a process of hammering away at his "two points of weakness," and Republicanism did not do the hammering!

ONE interesting issue is, of course, raised by these considerations. Was it worth the Republican while to pose before the nation as a party fitted to express in a practical way that antipathy to Catholicism of which Mr. Helm speaks? That out-and-out anathematizers of "Romanism" should have stepped out of the political tracks of their fathers is understandable. They

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did that everywhere, and nothing on earth could have prevented them. But Colonel Mann evidently surmised that so long as he bought no copies of the Fellowship Forum, he could enjoy with a clear conscience the sport of watching prejudice bounce into the Republican harbor. It is precisely the same state of mind as might prevail in the bosom of a village merchant, member of the fire department, who would refuse to help put out a blaze that threatened to destroy his competitor's goods—and would even get out at last a bellows to help the thing along. We had hitherto imagined that parties were expressions of a desire for good citizenship, and that this in turn was a foe of snakes in the grass. In several respects, Mr. Helm's reminiscences are distinctly enlightening.

Spanish Students and the Dictator

FROM one point of view the most significant protest against the régime of Primo de Rivera in Spain is to be found in the recent student demonstrations at the University of Madrid. Unlike the perennial revolts of the artillery corps, the student strike constitutes in itself no threat against the established power, and because of its indefinite nature, has little interest at present for the nation at large. Yet where the rebellious militarists have always been put down quickly, it is not possible to act with such effect against unarmed students. If they wish to stay out of school as a protest against the government, it is not easy to see how they can be brought back into line without creating a mess. Obviously the dictator cannot send his troops against them, and the one disciplinary measure he has so far attempted, a fine amounting to a year's tuition, has only served to increase indignation. Meanwhile, every day that the University's classrooms are empty attracts more attention to the situation, which is exactly what the government wishes to avoid. So long as the student movement remains independent of the other protesting factions, there will be no cause for worry, but as it develops there is always the danger of fusion.

Mexico and Springfield

SPEAKING in a Baptist church at Springfield, Massachusetts, recently, the Reverend Edward R. Brown, director of Mexican work in the United States for the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, blamed the priests of Mexico for the present revolt, and pleaded for the liberation of the Mexican people from "the darkness of Romanism." Elsewhere in his speech, however, he referred to the Calles régime as a "red government" under which, "if the voter does not cast his ballot for the ticket selected by the government, he is in danger of losing his possessions." This admission the Catholic Mirror of Springfield does not fail to notice in its rejoinder, which is to the effect that Dr. Brown "describes a government which no self-respecting Christian could accept," then blames the revolt against it upon the priests alone, and at the same time deplores their alleged action. We do not go further into the controversy because both the charge and the reply have been made before, although the former, perhaps, has not often been couched in such offensive language. What seems to us especially important in the incident is that the Springfield Republican gave as much prominence to the refutation as it did to the accusation, reprinting in full the Catholic Mirror's lengthy editorial. The American press generally has shown so little interest in the Catholic viewpoint of the Mexican troubles that the Springfield Republican has been especially alert, alive, if not, indeed, original, in realizing the significance of a statement which has heretofore been given so little publicity that its news value alone is consequently greater than the charge which brings it forth.

The ex-President and Mr. Rogers

THE wide interest attracted by the ex-President's essay in the current issue of the Cosmopolitan is something which can be explained only by the personal popularity of Northampton's leading citizen. The events which he now reports from the viewpoint of one most intimately concerned, have been as well known for some time as were the contents of We before its publication, and one looks in vain for any reference to things which are still in the mysterious and vague. Now that he has analyzed his emotions upon assuming the oath as President, we do not think that he would lose in dignity by describing his state of mind upon learning of the hocus-pocus that had been going on while he was still a mere Vice-President. But of course that is something for him to decide. As written, the essay is in keeping with the legend which has developed around Mr. Coolidge the past six years: a quiet, restrained, gentlemanly exposition of some of the dramatic moments in his career. Indeed, it edges toward the controversial only once, and that in a passage given over to his decision for economy. "Wealth comes from industry and from the hard experience of human toil. To dissipate it in waste and extravagance is disloyalty to humanity. This is by no means a doctrine of parsimony." Elsewhere it is a little more personal than Mr. Coolidge has allowed himself to become heretofore, although we do not literally agree with Mr. Will Rogers who finds it an "awful human document."

Diminishing Returns in Education

THE statement of Dr. Harold F. Clark, Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University, that a college education is a distinct detriment to the earning capacity of American youths, warrants serious consideration. Of course no statistics can be produced by any research worker, no matter how conscientious or exact, which will prove the statement, since there is no method by which the abilities of two persons, one with education

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and one without it, can be equitably paired. Dr. Clark himself, like many who seek to prove a theory by outright assertion, declares that "you can take a number of equally capable persons, giving one group education and putting the other group to work. You will find then that an education does not help much"; but we do not believe that he has even attempted to make this demonstration. Nevertheless he is correct in pointing out that the universality of college education today is becoming an economic factor which reduces the income of the graduate. Many a student who has been buoyed up by the illusion that his hard-won education is an unfailing key to success, progresses into the business of earning a living with the increasing realization that it frequently can be nothing more than an indifferent tool.

HAPPILY, through actual contact with those in the world of business and through intelligent advice, the illusion itself is growing more tenuous. The college man of this generation, even the college man of ambition and self-confidence, is increasingly a realist in regard to the world's probable attitude toward him. It is the other type of student upon whom the problems of adjustment to the economic facts of post-college life bear hardest; the type of whom Dr. Clark notes that college training makes them "too pensive and hesitant for the task of money-making, when courage and daring are the prime necessities." This is perhaps an unflattering allusion to a very different order of fact—the fact that college education frequently changes the student's ideals, that it does not erect money-making into the sole goal, that it even might be said to decry the present-day standard of American success, which is measured by ability to amass wealth and not ability to find happiness. The process of accommodation which will fit this fact into the exigencies of material competition is indeed difficult to imagine; but despite this difficulty, and the genuine and pressing nature of the problem, it is an ancient and honorable point of view which sees education primarily as a liberal and cultural asset.

THE results of the Eighteenth Amendment have been so surprising and complex that the latest development following the passage of the Jones bill has lost a great deal of its power to startle. But certainly when a group of responsible and respected lawyers form a committee to protect the citizens of a land from a law of that land, the fact may be described as portentous. Prohibition enforcers may anathematize this association as subversive but, in view of the inequalities which have marked the administration of the prohibition laws, it is a matter of simple justice that lawyers should have offered their services to those not financially able to pay for skilled defense. This principle has been admitted when the crime was other than a prohibition violation; now that such a violation "has been raised to the dignity of a felony," the necessity, in justice, of defending the malefactor is no less apparent. If lawyers throughout the country would follow the example set by Frederic Coudert, jr., and his confrères in New York City, flagrant injustices of the sort visited on Channie Tripp and the Michigan mother who was sentenced for life would become of rarer occurrence.

Aftermath of the Jones Law

IT IS the opinion of Dr. Alfred Stearns, headmaster of Phillips Academy, that schoolboys of today drink less and are more interested in religion than those of a generation ago. On the other hand, they are not so active physically, and are fonder of gambling. Here is a curious and significant coupling of things once held to be incompatible. Formerly the youth inclined toward the sedentary was prudent, level-headed; he did not waste his time in idle pursuits; he was above risking his father's money in a game of chance. The change, Dr. Stearns believes, is due to circumstances encountered not in the school, but in the home. Of course this must be the case. At no time can a teacher hope to exert more than a secondary influence on the pupils under him; he never seems so futile as when he is attempting to change habits or manners encouraged in the home. His must be a true alliance with the parents; and there is no fact more striking in the history of modern education than that whereas parents generally were insisting upon such an alliance thirty years back, it is the teacher who is most strenuously seeking it today. Undoubtedly his search has been accelerated by the discovery that, as Dr. Stearns points out, the appeal to family loyalty which was his strongest talking point in the old days has lost much of its force.

The Teacher Seeks an Alliance

FIVE hundred years ago Saint Joan of Arc left Domremy to begin the deliverance of France. To those who love her story, the thought that half a thousand years have served only to heighten the effect of her triumph and tragedy—that indeed she was only recently formally arrayed by the Church among the blessed—will illuminate the whole season and prove a constant inspiration. Not many incidents in the records of mankind possess the dramatic nobility of the swift adventure of her whom centuries have acclaimed as La Pucelle d'Orléans. That pleasant city, which once enshrined her banner in an incomparable acclaim, will take a major part in the centennial festivities. Visitors to France will doubtless find in this the crowning event of their journey. Festival ceremonies have, however, begun elsewhere. A series of stones are to be placed, at regular intervals, along the road which she once took in order to offer her services to the king. The first was set at Vaucouleurs on February 23, under the patronage of Marshal Lyautey and the Bishop of Verdun. One by one, all

Saint Joan's Progress

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the towns along the highway to Chinon will have had their feast of the placing of a stone.

VAUCOULEURS is a Lorraine town, close to the country life from which the Maid of Domremy arose. And one cannot help thinking that her full relationship to this neighborhood, as well as to the folk who lived there, is perhaps the best introduction to an understanding of her prodigious career. It was a district in which the leadership a woman might assume was not, in itself, extraordinary. Accustomed to community action in a manner which later eras can scarcely appreciate, this Christian people had seen many a grande dame set herself quite naturally to the performance of a civic task. What was almost unprecedented in Saint Joan was, of course, her mission and the proofs she advanced for its authenticity. Yet even these seemed less unusual to her contemporaries than they would to ourselves. Hand in hand with our loss of confidence in the individual there has gone a corresponding abandonment of the courage to entertain visions. And so we think of her now not merely as a radiant personality but as the representative of social virtues which have, to a great extent, been lost.

SO MANY tributes have been paid to the memory of the late Haley Fiske, guiding spirit in the development of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, that what we add here will necessarily be an insignificant aftermath. Yet it is sincere and personal, because of Mr. Fiske's continued interest in our work and his really notable assistance. He lived in a spirit which is frequently defined as that of "service," but can in all truth be termed a modern expression of old chivalric ideals. Profoundly antagonistic to a conception of wealth as something productive of individualistic power and pleasure, he gave abundantly of his time and energy to remedy social ills, to promote civilizing agencies, and to foster the work of charity. Few men have managed so well to combine integrity and generosity. There was neither weakness nor stiffness in the character of Haley Fiske.

Philanthropist and Gentleman

THE death of Lee Bible on the hard sands of Daytona precipitated a vast amount of discussion in the automotive field. The practical results to be achieved from the establishment of high speed marks have been advanced by the American Automobile Association as a justification of their support of the Daytona speed tests. Automobile manufacturers, on the other hand, have been quoted as saying that the feat of Major Segrave in driving more than 231 miles an hour added nothing of value to the industry. In a certain sense, both sides are correct. It is obvious that the present-day automobile has been evolved through careful study of those factors which have made for smoother and faster running. The reaction of motor and metal and fuel under the stress of high speed has been learned through subjecting them to high speed, and much has also been learned about wear and tear. But on the other hand there is an intelligent limit to the speed that is desirable on land and certainly one or two hundred miles is highly impractical. No new records are needed to establish the fact that higher speed can be obtained, nor are automotive engineers particularly benefited in this manner. Instead the Daytona tests have degenerated into the hysterical business of record-setting.

Racing for Records

WE THINK there is considerable justice in the protest of Mr. Barney Old Coyote against the action of the Wyoming legislature in prohibiting the sale of the peyote plant. First of all, the harvest and subsequent use of the peyote "button" are part of a ritual widely practised along the Rio Grande, through Oklahoma and northward among the plain tribes. This pleasant practice is one of the few comforts we have left the Indian. To it he turns when the prospect of following the white man's routine in the white man's civilization becomes more than ordinarily painful, and in it he finds, we may believe, some surcease from wretchedness, some brief communion in the peace of happier hunting grounds. We have introduced him to smallpox and overalls; we have given him a taste for fire-water and taken the fire-water away; let us therefore remove the one luxury which, according to many observers, checks the desire for alcohol and allows him to forget the pest house. Since the right of a man to eat of the lotus or not as he pleases has been questioned by the legislators of Wyoming, we should like to ask on what grounds? Peyote is certainly not a habit-forming drug, as Mr. Old Coyote and others before him have testified. The International Encyclopaedia describes its effect as "to exhilirate and intensify the imaginative faculties, producing a pleasant dreaminess, without, however, overmastering the will-power or producing a disagreeable reaction later." In other words, it is exactly what some men seek in painting, in poetry, in music, and very seldom find.

Old Coyote Protests

THE function of the critic was recently compared by Mr. Henry Mencken to the function of a hen laying an egg. He affirmed that once a criticism was "laid," the critic's impulse of self-expression was satisfied; no intellectual service, no formulation of or appeal to general principles, was involved. Illustrating his genial derision of this view in the February Forum, Mr. G. K. Chesterton fell upon the work of Mr. Theodore Dreiser and after indulging in some particularly happy excoriation, added that, as Mr. Mencken ruled out the appeal to principles, the intellectual differences between him and Mr. Dreiser must be settled, if at all, by personal encounter.

Literary Pugilism

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Mr. Dreiser replies in the current issue of the Forum, and suggests a modification of this proposal: a contest before a paying audience in which vituperations would serve as weapons. The American novelist (perhaps desiring to even the critical score to date) appends a few samples of the epithets he would hurl at Mr. Chesterton's leonine head. Laying our own egg, we would say that "you hopeless echo of dogmatism and lunatic revelation" is pale in contrast to "exponent of a . . . philosophy not bright enough to be called a nightmare . . . loathsomely slow and laborious like an endless slug; despairing, but not with dignity; blaspheming but not with courage; without wit, without will, too old to die, too deaf to leave off talking, too blind to stop . . . too dead to be killed."

Flowers That Bloom in the Spring

THE most interesting phase of the New York Flower Show was the attention given to people of limited means who are possessed with the gardening urge. Some of the gardens that were displayed would, if copied, be prohibitive to all but the very wealthy, but there were valuable suggestions in many others which might easily be employed by those who do their landscaping in a back yard or, at any rate, in a relatively small area. No one could have quarreled with the seasonable display of tulips, crocuses, Easter lilies, cherry blossoms, hyacinths and daffodils, but it seemed a mistake to have ignored the rotation of the months in making the original plan. The amateur gardener was apt to be confused when he found rhododendron and other summer flowers in full bloom beside those generally recognized as being among the first of spring. A number of American cities have solved the problem better by cultivating model gardens in which can be studied the relation of one season and its flowers to the effect achieved throughout the year. This is a work which evokes a wider and wider appreciation, since most of us are born with some desire toward tillage and very few are denied the pleasure of cultivating beauty.

Cornstalk Editions

THAT the cost of cornstalk paper is double that of wood-pulp products is a fact which comes as somewhat of a surprise to a materialistic world. When Professor O. R. Sweeney, head of the chemical engineering department of Iowa State College, announced the feasibility of converting the stalk waste into usable and salable paper, the new process was hailed as near-revolutionary in character. Not only would it be a boon to the farmer, who could solve many of his troubles from this new source of income, but it would save the forests of the world and relieve one of the largest financial burdens of the printers. A goodly number of publishers, among them the Sioux City Tribune, the Council Bluffs Nonpareil, and the Huronite, of Huron, South Dakota, have already issued cornstalk editions, but the more conservative have declared that these are merely novelties. They have warned readers that "no newspaper will permanently adopt cornstalk paper, no matter how devoted it is to home industries, until a better product can be produced at a cost that compares favorably with wood-pulp paper." They cite other objections dealing with the semi-transparency of the cornstalk product, its heaviness and its greater resistance to ink. Nevertheless the demonstrations made by the middle-western journals do prove that cornstalk paper is a reality, that waste material can be put to a distinctly beneficial use.

FOR THE ENGINEERS

AFTER half a century of debates that were often quarrels, and of legislative effort that was not always dissociated from private interest, the control of the rampageous Mississippi seems about to be realized. At least the project no longer suffers from a lack of funds, Congress having given the engineers some $325,000,000 to work with. According to the plans on which they are now proceeding, most of that money will be expended for the improvement of existing means of control. Of course the very first thing to be accomplished is to raise the levees and sheathe them with revetments. The present plan guarantees about a thousand miles of such efficient banking, although the army engineers estimate that Congress must be asked for $175,000,000 more before it can be carried to completion.

But if the full possibilities of this vast region which embraces parts of six states are to be realized, the problem becomes much more complex than one of flood control. If the area is to have its natural outlet, the river must be made navigable to ocean-going steamers, or a ship's canal must be built paralleling its general course. Swamps must be drained in the interest of health, and to bring additional acres of the most fertile soil in this country under the plow. It is only now that we are responding in an adequate way to suggestions which were advanced as early as 1859, and perhaps before then. Let us be quicker to acknowledge the more intensive developments demanded by our present agricultural and commercial needs; quicker to realize that the wholesale improvement of the Mississippi flatlands will more nearly satisfy our hopes for an accelerated national prosperity than almost any other scheme for revamping the terrain.

A plan which seems to call for early and full consideration is the one which Mr. Walter B. Pitkin outlines in a recent issue of the Survey Graphic, and which he will shortly expand into a book. Briefly, the plan is to utilize the power now going to waste at Muscle Shoals to operate electric dredges, scrapers and graders all along the Mississippi Valley between St. Louis and Baton Rouge, "for digging new channels, raising levees, and cutting drainage ditches wherever needed." The money which Congress had

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appropriated for flood control alone, regardless of the additional sums which the army engineers estimate will be needed, Mr. Pitkin finds sufficient to operate his system on a gigantic scale for six years at twenty-four hours a day. And he paints a picture of what six years might accomplish. "We might have six deep waterways paralleling the Mississippi from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico, each of 28-foot draft and accommodating ocean-going steamers. Or, if that seems foolish, we might open up 6,000 miles of the Mississippi, Ohio, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red and White Rivers into immense oceanic waterways up which almost any Atlantic liner might steam.

Whether Mr. Pitkin's basic idea is sound and his estimates equally so is for engineers to determine. For us it is of sufficient significance that he has perceived what is the real goal to aim at: not flood control for its own sake, but coupled with extensive drainage, deeper channels and an effective waterway. One of the least prosperous areas in the nation lies waiting to be transformed into one of the richest. Eventually, as the growth of population forces the issue, it must come into its own. Meanwhile we may be delaying that time by fifty, a hundred or two hundred years.

SOUTH OF NUEVO LAREDO

MUCH that has been written about Mexico might almost be compared with chronicle of a game of chess. One army arrayed against another; one race profoundly aware of its differentiations from the rest; an old faith battling for life against a revolutionary social gospel—these are points round which controversy glitters, while the whole magnificent panorama of a colorful, if tragic, civilization passes quite unnoticed. Accordingly, there is value in such a series of impressions as Paul Hazard, one of the ablest among French professors, has contributed to the current Revue des Deux Mondes. Seldom, we believe, has a poet summed up more adequately the fantastically prodigal coloring of mountain ranges and Saltillo huts, or an observer caught the emotional outlines of a popular festival or a stolid Indian village buried in the heat of a torrid afternoon.

Notice, for instance, his sense of the contrast between Guadalupe, "where crowds gather from all parts of the country and demand a miracle," and the chapel which the artist Diego Ribera has changed into a kind of communistic shrine, by painting huge frescos which on the one hand "describe the beginning, development and triumph of the Mexican revolution," and on the other present "a series of symbols conceived of in the spirit of a modern Lucrece, expressing in their own way a materialistic poem of creation." Nor is it far from Ribera to the spectacle given by school children on a national holiday: "Across the lawn go young girls dancing slowly, with perfect grace; they come toward us, serious and grave, faithful to the rhythm, winning little by little over space, dressed in colorful scarves, embroidered blouses, full red skirts; they group themselves round beribboned poles, each one holding in her hand a gayly tinted strand, each one carrying on the ritual dance, while all join in the ancestral cult and celebrate the passage of the sun god to the zenith. Then suddenly there appear 600 young men from the technical schools, dressed in blue denim working clothes, carrying hammers and anvils; and their marching is attuned to the sound of swift blows upon the iron. Thus in a single moment, we pass from an Aztec festival to a democratic holiday, from Mexico to Moscow, and from Montezuma to Lenin."

In Mexico, it has been said, everyone is born an artist. This is explained to some extent by the oriental race strain, by the meagre industrial organization, and by the prodigality of natural splendors flung round a people whose vases naturally assume the radiance of an omnipresent rose. But there is also the example of the Church, which for centuries drew men together for communal expression. Hazard says regarding the churches: "Some are simple and rude, as for instance the Franciscan church of Huetjozingo, one of the first three to have been built in the country which is protected by a stone wall and resembles a fortress. Beneath these Gothic arches one hears the Te Deum and the Magnificat. Others are grandiose and sad, as for instance that cathedral of Puebla which was built by the bluff genius of Juan de Herrera, architect of the Escorial. But once one has entered it, the festival of resplendent marbles and gilded grills, of statues and paintings and mosaics begins and seems never to end. Indeed all the more recent churches strive for a restless sumptuosity and cease to be pious in the European sense. No metal is too brilliant for them, no stone too rare, no wood too precious. Note for example the chapel of the Rosary, at San Domingo de Puebla. Here one walks on onyx, and a profusion of golden scrolls clamber up the walls, cover the ceiling, fall again in stalactites around the pulpit and render one breathless with their incessant magnificence."

From the munificence of this expression of a spirit and a culture one turns to the villages in which the Indian never changes, retaining his dress, his speech, his habits, as if no new current had come into the world. And so Mexico appears in some respects as a country dying, its great gestures over; in other respects as a place which knows no alteration, faithful to the aspiration of the earth-bound; and still again, as a land of tragedy and conflict, of primordial woe and unrestrained ambition. One wonders if there can be another renaissance of the spirit, possibly less expressive outwardly but not less generous. Or if the Indian alone can abide, until some foreigner takes up anew the project of Cortés. Or if the heart of the country is throbbing with the rhythm of a different social outlook, compounded of deluded idealisms and practical business cunning. Who knows? It is a strange land of martyrs and memories, of frenzy and ununderstandable peace.

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ITALY AND THE VATICAN AGREE

I. THE ROMAN QUESTION

By CARLTON J. H. HAYES

The agreement between Italy and the Vatican is, perhaps, the most important event in recent history. In the present article, Professor Hayes outlines the problems incident to what has been called "the Roman question." It is, as the reader will note, primarily a study of the historical background. Next week he will discuss The Settlement, interpreting the actual meaning of the agreements arrived at. The Commonweal takes great pleasure in offering its readers these unusually important papers, and urges that particular attention be accorded them.—The Editors.

IN THE Lateran Palace at Rome, on February 11, the plenipotentiaries of Pope Pius XI and King Victor Emmanuel III affixed their signatures to two documents of great historic importance. One was a treaty, and the other was a concordat. Neither has as yet been published in official form, and both require ratification by Italy and by the Pope. There can be little doubt, however, that formal ratification will soon ensue; and with press versions of the two documents before us, it may not be too early to hazard some guesses about the significance of the promised new relationship between the oldest government in the world and the contemporary Italian national state.

The Papacy is, of course, an ecclesiastical and religious institution, venerable and unique. It is an institution, moreover, which has two complementary, if not contradictory, aspects. On the one hand it is the bishopric of Rome, the office of successor of the Apostle Peter, who, according to early tradition, established himself as chief pastor of the Christian Church in Rome. For almost nineteen centuries the mass of Christian Romans have looked upon the Pope as their immediate pastor, as their immediate bishop. If New York had existed in the time of the Apostles and if Peter had established his see here, instead of in Rome, his successor would have been by this time as naturally American as in fact he is Italian.

On the other hand, the Papacy is regarded by the majority of Christians throughout the whole world as the divinely ordained agency for the interpretation of faith and morals for international, universal Christianity. Peter, according to the Catholic faith, was not only Bishop of Rome but also Prince of the Apostles, and as such his successors, the Popes, have a significance for all nations and for all cities as well as for Italy and for Rome. From early times, moreover, we have historic proofs of the exercise of the religious authority of the Papacy outside of Italy—throughout the entire Roman empire, in the early Germanic kingdoms, in Saxon and Norman Britain, in the missionary advance into northern Europe, in the crusading efforts of the middle-ages, in every modern European nation, and in modern missionary enterprise in Asia, America and Africa. It is not to be wondered at that the Popes should always have thought of themselves as being something more than Roman, something more than Italian. If the bishop of New York were Pope, he would probably be American, but he could hardly qualify as a 100 percent American.

In other words, the Papacy is at once a Roman institution and an international institution. And in this ambiguous character of the Papacy resides a latent source of serious difficulty for Italy, for the world at large and for the Papacy itself.

The difficulty was not so patent in ancient as in modern times. Roman emperors from Nero to Diocletian may occasionally have persecuted Roman Christians and put Popes to death, but there was no real conflict in governmental principle between a Roman emperor who dispatched political instructions to Pliny in Asia and sent military legions to Britain, and a Roman bishop who dispatched ecclesiastical epistles to Corinth and sent Christian missionaries to Britain. Both operated in an extensive empire. Both were at once local and cosmopolitan. And as some of the Roman emperors were provincials by birth and education, so some of the early Roman bishops were immigrant Hebrews or Greeks.

With the conversion of the Emperor Constantine to Christianity and the transfer of the political capital of the empire from Rome to Constantinople, a novel situation was created. Most probably it was Constantine who presented the Lateran Palace at Rome to the Pope, and in any event succeeding Popes utilized accumulating estates and prestige in central Italy to keep themselves free from attempted ecclesiastical domination by succeeding Christian emperors at Constantinople. With the emperor far away from Rome and with the Pope present in Rome, it gradually became natural for the Romans to look to the Pope rather than to the emperor for leadership in temporal as well as in spiritual matters. This leadership appeared the more natural and necessary as Teutonic barbarians settled in Italy and throughout the west, and the empire correspondingly dwindled in size and might. If Rome was to preserve its independence of the barbarians, it must do so under the Papacy, and if the Pope was to act as spiritual arbiter among all the new nations of the west, he must be independent of any of them.

When, in the eighth century, it was apparent that the semi-barbarous Teutonic Lombards were endanger-

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ing the independence alike of Rome and of the Papacy, and that the emperor at Constantinople was quite unable to ward off the danger, Pope Stephen II appealed for assistance to Pepin, the king of the Franks. Pepin came with his warriors, defeated the Lombards, and in the year 756 most solemnly established the Pope as the temporal sovereign of Rome and of adjacent lands in central Italy.

Papal sovereignty over Rome and the other "states of the Church," thus established in 756, was a means, during the next eleven centuries and until 1870, of reconciling the Pope's position as Bishop of Rome with his position as spiritual head of Christendom. The Pope might be Italian, might be Roman, and yet he was subject to no one. He possessed an independent and sovereign state of his own, which everybody recognized as his and which gave him prestige at home and abroad and helped him to play an important rôle in international affairs. If he had not been a temporal sovereign during the middle-ages and early modern times, he might have been shackled to a particular overlord as completely as was the Patriarch of Constantinople to the Greek emperor or as is the Archbishop of Canterbury to the British crown, and the Roman Catholic Church might have become, long since, a relatively small national body instead of, as now, a vast international and supra-national society.

The arrangements of those centuries from the eighth to the nineteenth conferred some benefits on all concerned. Italians could point to their Rome as the capital of a spiritual realm much larger and more glorious than the old political empire of which Rome had been the centre: the Rome of the emperors had been succeeded by the Rome of the Popes, and Italians shared in the glory of the latter as in that of the former. At the same time the Rome of the Popes was peculiarly attractive to foreigners; in its streets and offices could always be found a motley representation of all the tongues and climes of Christendom. It was Italian, but it belonged to foreigners as well, and at least during the middle-ages it was not unusual for a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a German or even an Englishman to be elected bishop and sovereign of the eternal city. From the Rome of the Popes, moreover, radiated for centuries a cultural and civilizing influence which penetrated into the farthest corners of Europe, and overseas into the Indies, East and West. From such a situation all countries, including Italy, and the Papacy itself, derived certain obvious advantages.

But the situation had its drawbacks too. It was difficult for the Papacy to perform its universal spiritual functions and to discharge its local political obligations simultaneously and with due regard to each. At times it was so absorbed in Italian politics as to neglect or deal unwisely with broader concerns. At other times it sought success in distant places so zealously as to imperil or even to sacrifice local Italian interests. Frequently the Papacy was drawn into alliance with one Christian state against another, and with one faction of foreigners against another; if Christianity was thereby benefited in one direction, it was sometimes injured in another. Nor did the states of the Church always suffice to guarantee the independence of the Pope or the peace and prosperity of Rome. On one occasion, in the fourteenth century, the Papacy was more or less forcefully abducted from Rome by an ambitious French king and kept captive at Avignon for seventy years. On another occasion, in the sixteenth century, as a result of a sorry political feud, the Catholic emperor, Charles V, with a wild assortment of Spanish troops, seized Rome, incarcerated the Pope, and subjected the eternal city to worse pillage and more shameful outrage than it had witnessed since the days of Goth and Vandal. Even in more normal times the Pope was constantly confronted with all the complex problems of conducting a civil government in his state—making and enforcing innumerable laws, administering justice, levying taxes, regulating trade and travel, maintaining order, etc.; and many a sincere Catholic was scandalized at one time or another by the spectacle of the successor of Saint Peter, the Vicar of Christ, commanding armies in the field, signing death-warrants of criminals among his subjects, and licensing places of questionable amusement in his capital city. If the temporal power as then exercised had advantages, it also had disadvantages. But the vast majority of Catholic Christians throughout the world felt, no less than the Bishop of Rome, that the advantages outweighed the disadvantages.

By the year 1870, however, the old form of the Pope's temporal power encountered a new force which had entered into the thought and action of Europeans, including Catholic Europeans. This new force was nationalism—the doctrine that a people who have a common language and some common traditions should constitute both a cultural and a political unity. It emerged clearly and spread widely in modern times, and was accompanied by a great new historical process —the process of breaking polyglot empires into national fragments and of gathering separate parts of a nationality into a unified national state.

Neither the doctrine nor the process of nationalism had been wholly frowned upon by the Papacy—outside of Italy. In fact, the Papacy had contributed a good deal to the recognition and even to the fostering of national feeling and national achievement of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Germans, Poles, Irish, Czechs, Magyars and most other nationalities. But to the Popes it had never seemed desirable that a strong national state should arise in Italy; it might endanger the Papacy more seriously than the Lombards had once endangered it. An Italy, to be united, would have to include Rome; and if Rome were but a part of a strong and united Italian state, the bishop of the city would certainly be a mere subject of such a state. What then would happen to the international prestige of the Pope? Would all foreign nations have the same attitude toward an Italian subject as to the

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sovereign of an independent state? That was a query which, throughout the middle-ages and into modern times, in one form or another, haunted the minds of a hundred Popes. They simply would not have Italy united, either by a native or by a foreigner. If a native, a Frederick II, a Cola di Rienzi, a Caesar Borgia, a Venetian doge or a Florentine duke, threatened to assume a kind of national leadership and construct a strong state in Italy, the Papacy invoked foreign armies to chasten or crush him. If a foreign power—France or Germany or Spain or Austria—intervened in Italy to rid the Papacy of Italian foes and then utilized the opportunity to establish its own sway over Italian lands perilously near to Rome, the Papacy would encourage native revolts or invite aid from some other foreign power. It was a chronic case in Italy of "Divide et impera."

All this was not quite so bad as it sounds. Papal policy, with its attendant local conflicts and foreign interventions, had hardly worse effects on Italy than those produced simultaneously in other countries by feudal struggles and international wars. As a matter of fact, fresh foreign intervention in Italy at papal behest occurred rarely; and when it did occur it was welcomed by many Italians as well as by the Pope. Indeed, there was relatively little nationalistic consciousness or aspiration among Italians from the eighth to the eighteenth century, and for this situation the Italian city states were as responsible as was the Papacy or any foreign power. Rienzi and Machiavelli, at different times, urged national unity, but their entreaties fell largely on deaf ears, and a Dante and a Petrarch were imperialists rather than nationalists. Papal policy for a thousand years in respect of Italy did not violate Italian traditions; on the contrary it corresponded nicely to what almost every lay Italian state strove to do. The Popes proved amply that they were truly Italian as well as universal.

But Italy, as we all know, did not remain permanently impervious to nationalism. The French Revolution, the campaigns of Napoleon Bonaparte, and above all the literary and cultural risorgimento in Italy itself paved the way for a novel national enthusiasm throughout the peninsula, for the inspiring preachments of Mazzini and the stirring exploits of Garibaldi, and for the actual political unification of Italy under the royal house of Savoy. Faced with the new nationalism at home, Popes of the nineteenth century expostulated, protested and hurled excommunications; increasingly deserted by Italians, they relied more and more for the preservation of the states of the Church on Austria and France. But Austria was gradually forced out of Italian politics by the events of 1859 and 1866; and France had to withdraw her troops from Rome in order to use them against the Germans in 1870. On September 20 of that year an army of the national Italian state breached the walls of Rome with cannon; Pope Pius IX, after a show of armed resistance, ran up the white flag; and the temporal power of the Papacy came to an abrupt end.

Extraordinarily difficult questions were thereby posed for Italy, for the Papacy and for the world at large. The objective historian cannot blame Italy for undergoing, like other countries, a nationalist transformation, for seeking to gather into one sovereign state all Italian lands and all Italian peoples, or for looking upon Rome—upon Italian Rome, upon the Rome which had meant so much to Italy long before there had been a Papacy—as the natural and obvious capital of the modern nation. Besides, the new united Italy aspired to be a modern, liberal state, exercising sovereignty over all Italians, clergymen as well as laymen, and treating religion as a private and voluntary matter. What logical conclusion could be drawn from these premises other than that the Bishop of Rome was an Italian subject entitled to such respect as individuals might accord him but not necessarily to any exceptional treatment by the Italian state?

Nor can the dispassionate historian blame the Papacy for feeling that it had been despoiled by force majeure of a city to which it had been divinely appointed, for which it had performed countless services and over which it had exercised unquestioned temporal sovereignty for eleven centuries. Why shouldn't Pius IX and his successors protest against the Italian government and appeal for foreign assistance? Otherwise, they would be false to a tradition that stretched back to Pope Stephen II in the eighth century and beyond him to Leo the Great in the fifth century. And even if they could discard such a persistent tradition and adjust themselves to changed conditions and become private citizens of the Italian state, would they not be wilfully sacrificing their international status and mission to their position as Italian bishops of the Italian capital? Such a solution might have more fateful consequences in the modern age of quickening nationalism than in any past age of the Papacy.

Nor should one wonder at the attitude of Catholics outside of Italy after 1870. They sympathized with the Pope. He was their head, their divinely commissioned teacher of faith and morals. They wanted him to be thoroughly international, to be less, rather than more, Italian. They would have been pained and shocked if he had accepted mere Italian citizenship; and they accused the Italian government of injustice, persecution and robbery for its appropriation of Rome and its humiliation of the Supreme Pontiff. What was more natural than that zealous foreign Catholics should entreat their respective governments to make common cause with the Pope and to reëstablish his independence, if necessary by force of arms?

The questions raised by Catholics, by the Pope and by Italy were different aspects of the central "Roman question" which harassed Italy and the world from 1870 to 1929. The Pope claimed that Rome was rightfully his. The Italians insisted that Rome was inalienably theirs. The Pope did what he could to weaken the Italian government: he excommunicated its leaders,

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forbade Italian Catholics to participate in it, and complained to foreign peoples and foreign governments of the indignities and restrictions put upon him by Italy. On the other side, the Italian government confiscated much church property, installed the king in the papal palace of the Quirinal, occasionally subjected the Pope or his officials to petty annoyances, and directed a good deal of its foreign policy to the minimizing of papal influence in international counsels.

To reassure its own Catholic citizens and to protect itself against foreign remonstrances, the Italian government, soon after its seizure of Rome, had departed from the strict logic of nationalism and had astutely enacted an exceptional law, the so-called Law of Papal Guarantees (May 13, 1871). The law was surprisingly liberal to the Pope. It granted him sovereign honors and personal inviolability, the right to receive and send ambassadors, extraterritorial privileges in the Vatican and Lateran Palaces in Rome and in the country seat of Castel Gandolfo, and a yearly pension of 3,250,000 lire. In other words, the Law of Guarantees promised the Pope in 1871 almost everything which he was to secure by the treaty of 1929.

But Pius IX, to maintain his protests against the forcible seizure of the states of the Church and to assert his independence of the Italian government, refused to acknowledge the Law of Guarantees. It was not a treaty between equals. It was a mere national statute which had been passed by one Parliament and which might legally be amended or repealed by another. It accorded certain rights to the Pope, but it did so as if the Pope were an Italian citizen subject to the Italian Parliament, and not a sovereign, subject only to international law. Here was the crux of the whole matter.

The Italian government, acting as though the Law of Guarantees was the law of the land, proceeded to abide by it. The Pope, repudiating it, styled himself a prisoner, and voluntarily jailed himself in the Vatican. A stubborn form of internationalism had encountered an equally stubborn form of nationalism, and the only greeting which the two seemed willing to exchange was a sharp "Non possumus." Italians felt that if they should surrender, Italian nationalism would be undermined. The Pope believed his surrender would endanger Catholicism.

It is true that with the lapse of time the extreme bitterness perceptibly lessened on both sides. The Italian government, on the one side, took increasing pains to demonstrate to the Pope and to the Catholic world that it meant to abide in spirit as well as in letter by the Law of Guarantees, and that it had no intention of treating the Pope as an ordinary Italian citizen or of controlling his relations with foreign governments or peoples. On the other side, Leo XIII did not harp on his grievances so continuously or in such vitriolic language as Pius IX had done, and the Popes of the twentieth century were especially conciliatory: Pius X authorized Italian Catholics to participate in the government of their country; Benedict XV caused no embarrassment to Italy during the world war; and Pius XI, at the very beginning of his pontificate, emerged from the Vatican long enough to bless the Romans from the balcony of Saint Peter's. Yet the basic conflict remained; only a modus vivendi, not a settlement, had been found.

This curious situation was probably advantageous to the Pope's prestige outside of Italy. No foreigner, under the circumstances, could suspect the Bishop of Rome of any subservience to the Italian government. Rather, the self-immured clergyman in the Vatican appealed to the imagination of Catholics throughout the world as a singularly fitting successor of Saint Peter, a martyr for conscience's sake, a Holy Father made poor in worldly goods but enriched by heavenly treasures. Peter's pence poured into the Vatican and pilgrims flocked to Rome as never before. The number of nations accrediting diplomatic agents to the Papacy steadily increased until in 1928 it included Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Germany, Great Britain, Hungary, Japan, Latvia, Lithuania, Monaco, the Netherlands, Poland, Portugal, Roumania, Spain, Switzerland, Jugoslavia and all of the American republics except the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Uruguay.

That the Papacy maintained and actually strengthened its international standing between 1870 and 1919 is attributable, in large part, to its de facto independence of the national Italian state. But such de facto independence was preserved essentially by a policy of persistent protest; and any policy of mere protest is subject to the law of diminishing returns. In time people grow weary of protest even in the cause of what was once deemed right, and facts as they are, even if they are the outcome of might, tend to acquire in human eyes the force of right. Besides, the policy of protest which the Papacy pursued for almost sixty years in respect of the national Italian state, if temporarily beneficial to Catholicism outside of Italy, was increasingly menacing to religion within Italy. It seemed as though the Pope were unduly subordinating his local prestige as Bishop of Rome and head of the Church in Italy to his more general significance as Universal Bishop.

It was to redress this balance, to promote the welfare of the Catholic Church in Rome and in Italy, as well as to obtain de jure recognition of his international position, that the Pope coöperated in the negotiations with Italy which have led to the treaty and concordat of February 11, 1929. The settlement will be discussed next week.

Epitaph

Here lies the poet in his final bed:
All but the rhythmic children of his heart,
All but his own neat words had from him fled:
His life was not as graceful as his art.

EDWIN MORGAN.

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WHITHER MEXICO?

By MAX JORDAN

LET us assume, for a moment, that the southern neighbor of the United States is a second Canada, an English-speaking country with a dominating Anglo-Saxon mentality and Anglo-Saxon temperament. Obviously, relations between Mexico and the United States would then be established on a basis of spontaneous mutual understanding. But there is no use drawing further conclusions from such an assumption. Harsh, uncompromising actuality always leads back to a consideration of the fundamental diversity between the two countries. The problem, therefore, is not primarily one of eliminating the tensions and frictions occasioned by these differences, but rather one of adjustment. The United States, as the stronger of the partners, has to bear the brunt of the responsibility, for success as well as for failure.

In spite of constant change, Mexico has essentially retained its sixteenth-century status. The racial situation is responsible. Out of 15,000,000 Mexicans, 4,000,000 are full-blooded Indians and 9,000,000 mestizos. Many of the aboriginal tribes remain antagonistic to the central government and to one another. The belligerent Yaquis in the northwest have steadfastly opposed all attempts of assimilation. The Mayas in Yucatan still insist upon refusing full allegiance to Mexico, their parental ties with Guatemala being by far the stronger. Fifty-two different Indian dialects are spoken throughout the country. No unifying national spirit pervades the twenty-eight provinces. The various blood ingredients have not yet fused, and will not fuse for a long time, into one stable national temperament, and centrifugal tendencies tear apart what is left of a glorious heritage.

Whither Mexico? The pendulum still swings up and down as it has done almost constantly since the fall of Porfirio Diaz. He was a great statesman, but the reaction against his régime of dictatorial ruthlessness was tragically violent. The change from dictatorship to a mock democracy was too sudden. No sense of collective responsibility had as yet taken hold of the people, a pitiable, passively ignorant and helpless lot, an easy prey for politicians and demagogues. Mexican democracy today is at best a fiction, a delusion for home and foreign consumption, without practical efficacy. There is no saying when a new régime, no matter in what form, will be definitely consolidated.

Certainly such a consolidation cannot be expected from the Calles-Morones group. When the Madero revolution came to the front with the battle-cry "Tierra y Libertad!" Calles took up the challenge. He probably was sincere in setting his goal of social relief for the masses. But he went about his task precipitately, fancying to erect a peasant republic almost overnight, disregarding traditions and ignoring lawful property claims. The reforms contemplated by Calles should not have been initiated prior to the fulfilment of a fundamental preliminary condition: the training of a peasantry capable of self-sustenance. The people were not ready for a modern farm policy, and the politicians took advantage of their plight. Graft and corruption doomed the agrarian reform before it had even started, and a complete disorganization of agriculture was the result. Today more than a hundred thousand Mexicans emigrate to the United States every year, and American corn has to be imported to make up for the failure of a precarious system.

Obregon followers have protested all along that this failure was due to incompetence. They accuse Calles and Morones of favoring the labor elements. They oppose the radical extravagances of the Labor Federation set up by Morones as a bulwark of distinctive anti-capitalistic tendencies. They seek a new policy of sound compromise and the restoration of the civil and religious liberties which have been almost annihilated by a terroristic minority. The clash is obviously one between state Socialists and liberal agrarians, and the antagonism of their present-day interests has brought about a profound rift in the united front of the revolutionary alliance which dates back to Madero and the Querétaro constitution.

"Mexico for the Mexicans" was a convenient slogan for Calles and his backers to rally domestic forces at the time of the oil and land crisis which narrowly escaped precipitating an open break with Washington. Then, active support was given to the Nicaraguan revolutionists, in open opposition to the United States, Mexican propaganda was the main source of anti-American sentiment throughout the Latin-American countries. The apprehensions at Washington were not concealed. Secretary of State Kellogg stated in a note to Calles that his government was "on trial before the world." A stern warning followed in the congressional message of President Coolidge. Still, anti-Yankeeism remained rampant until Ambassador Sheffield had been replaced by Mr. Dwight W. Morrow. That was the beginning of a change in the relations between the United States and Mexico. But in ultimate effect it was evident to experienced observers that even this change was only one of degree and not one of substance.

The Sheffield method had not brought desirable results. "Oderint dum metuant" is a principle which will not work in these days of open covenants and good-will diplomacy. On the other hand, the safety of the two-billion-dollar American investments in Mexico remains an important stake, and the Coolidge doctrine of the preëminent interest of the United States in stable conditions between the Rio Grande

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and the Panama Canal stands as a paramount force guiding Washington's Mexican policy. Ambassador Morrow has skilfully steered between Scylla and Carybdis, no easy task indeed in view of Morones's belligerence and the attitude of his followers, who seemed merely to tolerate the Morrow modus vivendi as a temporary armistice, to be replaced at the proper time by the reopening of anti-capitalistic warfare. If Obregon had been able to ascend to the Presidency, some real fruits of the ambassador's conciliatory attitude could no doubt be gathered in by now.

The recent new outbreak of revolutionary passion is the immediate consequence of the Obregon murder. The fanaticism of the rival groups, originating in the disproportionate influence of the Callistas, could have been appeased by the one-armed chieftain who had planned for a sound program of national reconstruction. His passing meant new struggles, new violence and ultimately civil war. Calles was responsible for the crisis. The suppression of religious freedom and liberty of conscience which he had inaugurated with a systematic persecution of the Church brought about a state of tension and bitterness pregnant with disaster. Only a few months ago the Callistas could scoff at all warnings. They seemed in full control of the situation, with the Church at their mercy. But the silent martyrdom of the faithful turned unawares into a weapon against the persecutors.

How could there ever be any thought of stability in Mexico as long as the religious issue remained unsettled? How could there be talk of social liberation while civil liberties were being sacrificed to party ambitions? The outcome of the present revolutionary movement is as yet uncertain. But whether it is successful or not, the problems which the Portes Gil government had to face prior to it will remain as a challenge to all Mexicans who profess to be true patriots. There can hardly be any disagreement as to the necessity of thorough reforms. They must not, however, be artificial, but adjusted to the actual needs and the receptivity of the people. Constructive efforts must be developed gradually, not by wantonly tearing down age-old traditions. The Mexican people, while lacking national and racial homogeneity, are Catholic in spirit and mentality, and those who fail to see this fundamental aspect of their life fail at the same time to comprehend the Mexican problem in its totality. This was readily recognized by Obregon in spite of his personal adherence to that brand of liberal philosophy which is easily used as a pretext for anti-clerical intolerance. Obregon also knew that the misery of the peons was not in itself sufficient justification for the destruction of property rights, because such destruction never results in benefit to those in need. And he realized that the ethnic confusion of his country could only be mastered through a moderate course.

Plutarco Elias Calles has never quite understood the processes of the public mind. To him, the problems which arose through the revolution were so many Gordian knots to be summarily cut without giving much thought to the possible ramifications of their roots in the social structure. This inflexibility also explains how Calles came to incite the wrath of American property-owners by an intransigent retroactive application of Article 27 of the Mexican constitution concerning the titles to mineral and other subsoil deposits. So, too, he fell into employing a new version of "Ecrasez l'infame!" with the result that the violent repression of freedom of thought instituted by him and maintained by his successor has shaken the very pillars of Mexican life. For almost three years the country has suffered the convulsions of intermittent insurrection. There are still some twenty thousand Catholics in arms throughout the mountainous state of Jalisco and the neighboring territory, and those now in rebellion against the central government openly bid for their sympathies by promising religious liberty. Obviously there can be no stability in Mexico as long as the religious unrest persists.

On a Sunday morning last summer I was standing in front of the cathedral in Mexico City. The big wooden door was closed, and so were all the other entrances except a small gate which served as passage to one of the two belfries used as a platform for sightseers. Over the main portal there was hung a roughly painted sign with the laconic inscription: "Se prohíbe pasar"—"No entrance." The words stood naked, blunt, without any symbol of official authority. Other churches, however, were open to the public. In the oratory of the Jesuits one afternoon there were small groups of children gathered around women in dark dresses—possibly nuns in worldly disguise, or school teachers. They were saying the rosary aloud, the little boys and girls answering in unison in a monotonous choir. In the evenings most churches were filled. The faithful gathered without priests and with no organs playing. A woman would lead the recital of the Litany of the Saints. Men, women and children, mostly of the poorer classes, knelt side by side in a heavy crowd. Old Indians with silvery hair said their beads with trembling fingers, and many of the women kept their heads bent in supplication over folded hands. Occasionally songs were heard. The untrained voices intoned with astonishing limpidity. The images of the Blessed Virgin reflected the glittering light of the candles. Many of the congregation held their arms up to heaven, in Spanish fashion, like saints in a mystical vision, and the voices of those praying aloud reëchoed from the walls: "Santa Maria, Madre de Dios, roga para nosotros!"

On holidays the pilgrimages of the faithful to their churches start at dawn. Women carry flowers for the altars and pass offering-plates from hand to hand. Lay pulpits, consisting in many instances of plain wooden boxes, have been placed near those reserved for the absent clergy. A member of the community takes his stand there at a fixed hour. "Let us assist at Holy Mass in spirit," he says in a measured voice,

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"as though God's priest were at the altar, and let us pray, brethren!" He reads the Sunday texts from the Mass Book. Everybody follows him in silent meditation. After the Paternoster a hundred voices repeat: "Amen!" The sermon is furnished by a lecture read from an exegetical book, and at the conclusion of the services all say the prayers of benediction.

So all the Catholic churches in Mexico are robbed of their priests and yet not deserted. Like the children of Israel in their exile, the people hope for the day of return to their spiritual mother. Thousands of Masses are secretly celebrated in private homes. The people refuse to be deprived of their religion. Heroically they bear privations and persecutions. But little indeed does the world learn of their sufferings, shut off as the country is through Article 33 of the constitution of 1917 under which the President "shall have the right to expel from the republic without judicial process any foreigner whose presence he might deem inexpedient." The foreign press as represented in Mexico has, in effect, to submit to a thinly veiled censorship. The hands of independent writers are tied. The world at large knows little of the martyrdom of these 15,000,000 people. Silence is the mute and humble retort of the Church to all attacks. Silent are the altars, silent the bells, silent the faithful in this hardest test of their history. The priests are scattered throughout the country, persecuted because of their vocation (more than one hundred of them have already been killed) and the people protect them with their own lives in a spirit of heroism, and hold out in the midst of affliction with a strength of soul which seems almost superhuman.

How much longer will the struggle last? There is one school of thought whose exponents believe in what they call financial appeasement. Mexico badly needs the support of American capital. It depends for the larger part of its exports on the American market. Thus circumstances seem to prompt a systematic adjustment of the domestic situation, as other wise debt payments can hardly be met and new credits will not be forthcoming. But such normal standards of judgment cannot be applied as long as the full responsibility of the central government remains in doubt. The big-stick method of the Sheffield era has been discarded in Washington. Friendly persuasion has taken its place, and the temporary postponement of the full application of Article 27 of the constitution referring to land and mineral properties was the first result of this change of tactics. Negotiations for a new foreign debt settlement were proceeding with the International Committee of Bankers when President Portes Gil denied clemency to Obregon's murderer. And then 100,000 mourners turned out in the streets of Mexico City to bid a last farewell to Leon de Toral. The following morning the President's special train was bombed, and a few days later the whole country was aflame with civil war. Does this sequence of events mean anything to those in power?

From the viewpoint of the Church, the present revolt can never appear praiseworthy. The rebels bid for Catholic support because it suits their immediate needs. No other link exists, of course, between the Catholic cause and the rivalries of ambitious party leaders and military adventurers. Still, no upheaval of such magnitude would have been conceivable with a stable government sustained by the will of a friendly majority. As things were, the Calles church policy had the effect of a boomerang. Will the lesson be learned? The handwriting on the wall leaves no doubt that it is high time to consider the preservation of Divine as well as of human rights in Mexico. An issue of much more far-reaching significance than any factional quarrel of the day looms on the horizon and it cannot be ignored. Religious peace is truly the prerequisite of a nation's existence.

THE HOOVER CABINET

By WILLIAM C. MURPHY, JR.

THE one outstanding fact to be gleaned from a consideration of the personnel of President Hoover's Cabinet is that the President is determined to run the executive branch of the government to suit himself. Doubtless that is as it should be under our scheme of government, by which Cabinet officers are mere functionaries to carry out the will of the President, and without responsibility to any other power so long as they avoid impeachment.

Aside from Mr. Mellon, who holds over as Secretary of the Treasury from the Coolidge administration, Mr. Hoover's Cabinet seems to have been selected with an eye single to obtaining men who are willing to coöperate rather than desirous of assuming independent leadership. This does not mean, of course, that the Hoover Cabinet is not composed of able men. The ability to coöperate intelligently is as valuable as the ability to lead (and more rare in high office) but it is a different kind of ability. The difference may be visualized by a comparison of the Hoover Cabinet leaders with those selected for the same positions by the late President Harding.

President Harding chose Charles Evans Hughes as Secretary of State, thereby making it obvious that he wanted someone in that office upon whose judgment he could depend—someone, in fact, to whose judgment he could defer. The foreign policy of the Harding administration was dictated by Mr. Hughes. Henry L. Stimson, who has been named as Secretary of State in the Hoover Cabinet is, undoubtedly, a

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very able man. So far as his record of public service goes, however, his ability is to do a certain definite task to which he has been assigned rather than to initiate policies and force their adoption. There was an awkward situation in Nicaragua and Mr. Stimson was sent there to straighten it out. He did so, to the satisfaction of the administration at least. There were difficulties in the Philippines and Mr. Stimson was dispatched there. He produced order and good feeling. But in both instances he was following instructions; not issuing instructions.

President Harding selected Mr. Hoover himself to be Secretary of Commerce, and the latter's ability to lead is demonstrated by his present position. Moreover, Mr. Hoover took charge of the Department of Commerce when it was the stepchild of the executive establishments, and built it up until it has become one of the most powerful units of the federal government. President Hoover has selected Robert P. Lamont as Secretary of Commerce. Mr. Lamont is a successful engineer and manufacturer; he may develop abilities equal to those of his predecessor, but as the record stands today it would be idle to argue that he has indicated any such qualities of leadership as Mr. Hoover was known to possess in 1921.

So it goes on down the list. Daugherty, Fall, Denby, Will Hays, Weeks, all were men who had demonstrated abilities for leadership when President Harding invited them into his Cabinet. Some of them subsequently led themselves into trouble, it is true, but at least they were leaders. So far as the record stands today, the same characteristics of leadership have not been demonstrated by William D. Mitchell, the new Attorney-General; Ray Lyman Wilbur, the new Secretary of the Interior; Charles Francis Adams, the new Secretary of the Navy; Walter F. Brown, the new Postmaster-General; or James W. Good, the new Secretary of War. Mr. Brown and Mr. Good are the only men in this list named who have had any considerable political experience, and their backgrounds are hardly so full in this respect as were those of Hays and Weeks. Needless to say, this is not an attempted comparison of the moral characters or the political integrity of the members of the two Cabinets. It is a comparison of abilities for political leadership, based upon the facts so far observed.

It may be said that the Hoover Cabinet is more remarkable for the men who were left out than for the men who were included.

To begin with, there was much talk during the campaign and after the election to the effect that Senator Borah of Idaho would be made Secretary of State. Later the story was that he would be made Attorney-General. Those who have any acquaintance with the Idaho Senator have known from the beginning that if he ever leaves the Senate voluntarily it will be to accept an appointment on the Supreme Court—and probably he would not be satisfied with anything short of the Chief Justiceship of the United States. In his present position as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, he has far more control over the foreign policies of the government than has the Secretary of State. He holds what amounts to a veto power on treaties, and, most important of all, he cannot be removed except by the voters of Idaho. A Secretary of State has power so long as he is in harmony with the President who appoints him, and Senator Borah has never been in harmony with any administration for more than six months.

It was not surprising to Washington, consequently, that Mr. Borah is not in the Cabinet, but it was a very distinct surprise when it became known a few days before the inauguration that Colonel William J. Donovan was not to be included. The case of Colonel Donovan presents one of the best illustrations furnished in years of the complexity of political currents in Washington and of the power of groups which, until quite recently at least, have not appeared openly as political factors.

It would not be strictly accurate to say that Colonel Donovan's religion barred him from the Cabinet. Yet it is quite probable that if it were not for his religious affiliations, he would now be Attorney-General. His religion probably played no part in the final determination of this matter, so far as President Hoover was concerned, but had it not been for that religion, the political pressure brought to bear upon Mr. Hoover would not have been so decisive as it was. There is no evidence that the President was swayed by religious considerations in the case of the Colonel, but the fact that the latter was not appointed is indisputable evidence that the President yielded to pressure from sources which, beyond question, were animated by such feelings.

As is customary in such cases, the religious issue was not raised openly. It was argued, for instance, that it would be embarrassing to have Colonel Donovan as Attorney-General in the event that Mr. Hoover carries out his plan of transferring the work of prohibition enforcement to the Department of Justice. This was based on the plausible contention that Colonel Donovan, being known to lean toward the wet side of the prohibition controversy, should not be asked to try to enforce the law to which he is presumably opposed. But the argument ignored the fact that the very activities which are to be transferred to the Department of Justice are now, and have been for the past eight years, under the supervision of Secretary Mellon, who is likewise a wet. Furthermore, some of the very groups which were most persistently hostile to the appointment of Colonel Donovan have also been vociferous in opposition to proposals to take the enforcement activities away from Mr. Mellon's supervision.

Then there was the argument that Colonel Donovan is not enough of a lawyer to be honored with the Justice portfolio. It is difficult to credit the proponents of this theory with good faith when it is recalled that

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the position has been held by Mr. Daugherty and by Mr. Sargent, and that during the latter's régime there was not a single important decision made in the Department except on Colonel Donovan's recommendation or approval. Moreover, it should not be overlooked that the Attorney-General has come to be an administrative official rather than a trial lawyer. The Attorney-General seldom appears in court to represent the government; that duty is performed by the Solicitor-General, the position formerly held by Mr. Mitchell. It is the office of the Solicitor which handles the legal questions presented to the Department, and the recommendations of that official are merely presented to the Attorney-General for what, in practice, is usually a routine approval. The real job of the Attorney-General nowadays is to preserve a smooth-running, efficient organization, and no one has ever suggested that Colonel Donovan is not an executive of first calibre. As a matter of fact, he is also a very fine lawyer.

It was unfortunate for Colonel Donovan that he let himself be maneuvered into a position where, to save his dignity, he had to insist on the Attorney-Generalship or nothing. Particularly was it unfortunate since it came at about the same time that a high official of the Ku Klux Klan announced that the Klan would stand for Colonel Donovan's being made anything but Attorney-General. The issue being joined in this fashion, Colonel Donovan could hardly retreat with dignity. Furthermore, the pressure against the Colonel by that time from sources of which the Klan is merely the most disreputable representative, had become so strong that the President apparently could not resist it.

There were some elements in the anti-Donovan campaign which, however, cannot be attributed to opposition to his religion. Had Colonel Donovan's name been presented to the Senate as a Cabinet nominee, the opposition undoubtedly would have centered on two points: his handling of the case involving the indictments returned against Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana several years ago, when Senator Wheeler was investigating the Daugherty régime; and his handling of the case which ultimately led to cancellation of the government's contract for the sale of its royalty oil from the Salt Creek, Wyoming, field to the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company. The most persistent critic of Colonel Donovan on both of the foregoing counts has been Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana, a Catholic.

Thus it came about that when Mr. Hoover offered to appoint Colonel Donovan to the Governor-Generalship of the Philippines he was going about as far as he could go without running the risk of a major battle with the Senate at the very outset of his administration. By that time, of course, the situation was such that Colonel Donovan could not have accepted the Philippine appointment without humiliation to himself. There was talk to the effect that the President was willing to appoint Colonel Donovan Secretary of War; indeed, it is pretty well established that the Colonel was under the impression at one time that the offer had been made. This would have given him Cabinet rank at least, but when the time came for a decision on his part, the War portfolio had been disposed of elsewhere.

There is some feeling in Washington that it was a strategic mistake for the President to yield to the anti-Donovan campaign. This feeling is based upon the theory that such a concession will be interpreted as an acquiescence in the domination of certain elements which aided Mr. Hoover very materially in the recent campaign, but from which, it had been anticipated, he would dissociate himself at the first opportunity. In justice to Mr. Hoover, however, it must be stated that there were other elements to be considered, such as the senatorial situation just referred to.

In summary, Colonel Donovan stands as an illustration of the uncertainties of politics as currently practised. He has given loyal service to the Republican party, at times taking the blame for happenings which might properly have been attributed to others. Now he is out of the picture, because it was deemed to be to the political advantage of his party that he should get out.

There were other surprises in the omissions from the Hoover Cabinet. For one, there is no member from any of the neophyte Republican states of the South, Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Texas. Some reputed experts had predicted that an attempt would be made to hold these states in line by giving at least one of them recognition in the Cabinet. That idea, as a matter of fact, has never appealed to the wiser heads among the Republican leaders. One of them, speaking off the record, remarked on the morning after the election: "They didn't go Republican, they went Methodist or Baptist." At any rate the South is not represented in the new Cabinet.

His Tree

Trees have I set in a mounded ring,
Remembrance fair of my Kilmer's name:
Was ever a poet a fool could sing
How trees are gardens in God's acclaim!

My larches, lindens and oaks look wise,
The cedars dreaming of Lebanon,
And harps of willows sway in sighs
For all lone singers in Babylon.

A sycamore high in motley mirth
Yearns for the vision where saints abide:
Climb with Zachaeus above the earth
And see Christ beckon you to His side.

So did he climb whose mound I name:
Wise with the folly of honor's scars,
Singing all roadways in God's acclaim,
Kilmer! whose tree is the branching stars.

MICHAEL EARLS.

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A FLAG AT DUSK

By VINCENT ENGELS

THIS I was told by a half-breed Ojibwa, that the dusk is the time to see things. He was a man to be heard with respect, for his father and his father's father had been medicine men; it was a tradition in his family to know the shapes invisible to hunters.

Daylight, he said, is too strong, and the stars too weak. But in the dusk you can see things which are simply shades of light, without body; or which exist only as illumination. At the Point of Pines, for instance—

You know the ruins there: the rotten timbers overgrown with moss, and the sagging mounds that were part of the old fort. You know that the Indians do not go near, out of respect for the place itself, and the men who lived there. If I seem to be bolder, it is not because I lack respect, but because in my family have been men who talked with gods. And that, I think, should give me privilege, at least enough to visit the Point of Pines. If the hour is right, and the weather, I stand watching for the flag that has flown there for more years than I remember. Sometimes the sky is too cloudy, the air too heavy; but otherwise you can see the flag floating above the trees, one second, two, before it disappears. I cannot think that it flies on one day and not on another, or in one hour and not another. That flag is always there, but only in the half-light following a clear day is it plain to see.

It flies directly above the spot where my grandfather and Chief Nissowaquet buried the captain of the fort.

The captain? He was a brave man. When he was told that the English were to have all these western lands because they had beaten the French in the east, he was angry. He had lived long among Indians, and he answered like one of us that the English had not conquered him. "How shall they give my fort away? If the English want it, let them fight." Soon the English agents came to him, and them, too, he told that there could be no victory without a battle. He refused them food and shelter. He said he would blow their heads off.

This was in the fall. The captain knew that the English would send an army in the spring. All through the winter his men were out hunting, with bows and arrows to save powder. They smoked whatever meat they did not use, and put it away. As soon as the ice was out of the river, they went with the Indians to the Saulte where they speared fish for smoking. Then they built the walls of their fort higher, and put earth around it.

About noon one day the captain saw the English coming out of the woods. They must have been tired, for it was a long morning's walk from their canoes. But they did not rest. They marched across the clearing, and when they were close enough the captain blew their heads off with his cannons. He killed thirty or forty or fifty before they went back to the edge of the clearing.

Then an Englishman came alone to the fort, and asked the captain to surrender. The captain said he would not. So the Englishman asked if men could carry off their dead, and the captain said they could.

After the dead were buried, the English put up their tents and had something to eat.

All summer they sat at the edge of the clearing, and every day one of them came to the fort to ask the captain if he would surrender. They were hoping to starve out the Frenchmen, you understand. But the smoked meat and fish were plentiful, and although the men were ill of this diet, they did not complain. Three who died were buried at night that the English might not be encouraged. Thin, dirty and very tired, their comrades kept up a commotion within the fort; always there was a great show of bayonets above the ramparts.

When the ducks flew south and there was snow in the air, the English went home. The captain took his sick men into the open, and they felt better, especially when they had eaten some of the corn which the Indians brought. There was not much of it, believe me, for it had been a poor growing summer.

That winter they hunted again for meat to smoke. But three more died because there was so little corn, and when they went to spear fish, later on, two were drowned in the rapids. The three who were left made a prayer on the flag. They said,

"Let us be strong when the English come, and if we cannot hold the fort, may no man leave it alive. Whatever happens, the last man must hold fast to the flag. We swear that one French flag shall not be carried to England."

Perhaps the English were too busy with other things; perhaps they did not care. For the summer passed, and no enemy appeared at the edge of the clearing. "They will come next summer," said the captain, making ready as before.

He was wrong. The English never came again to the Point of Pines, while the captain and his two men did not cease to expect them. Their hair turned white; their shoulders were bent; they were not much good for hunting any more. But every summer they worked on the fort, as well as they could, and they kept the flag flying.

After a time, the captain was left alone. The Indians, who felt a duty to care for him, often asked him to leave the fort and live with them. The gods had blessed him, they said, and he would bring them luck. But he could not leave his post, for who would raise the flag at morning and take it down at night; Who would be there to tell the English, when they came one year or the next, that they must fight to conquer?

"We must be ready for them," said the captain. "Hah! Will they never come?"

He was not lonely. Chief Nissowaquet, who was

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very, very old, older than the captain, was his good friend. When Nissowaquet was angry with the young chiefs he would go to the fort, and there the two old men would sit all day, scolding the times. Once Nissowaquet did not come back for a week.

Not long after this the captain died. It was my grandfather who found him, lying on his bed, the patched-up flag wrapped around him. He was buried with many gifts, and his gun beside him; the red clay covered him, and his brave flag.

All that day my grandfather sat by the grave. When the sun went down, he turned to the west and prayed. He prayed with his eyes shut, and when he opened them, he saw the flag, patches gone, stains disappeared, new and whole again, shining above him.

Since then it has been always flying. No winds have ever torn it, no rains worn away its colors; nor, says my father, ever will.

FROM ISHMAEL'S BREVIARY

By ALBERT BLOCH

I CAN no more believe in art than I could believe in a picture. That would be merely the idolatry of symbol-worship. But the faithful, for example, who kneel before an image of saint or Blessed Virgin are very far from intending by their genuflection an expression of belief in the image. They know very well that the image or picture is only a thing fashioned by human hands out of a raw and perishable material, however inspired may have been the will that moved the hands. They do not even believe, strictly speaking, in the saint; they believe only in his intercessive gift or power, and this faith and their reverence and humility before him are surely not worship of him, but through him, of God. . . . And so I am reminded how once a professor of some faculty or other asked me during the course of a discussion—or rather at its end, for my summary reply seemed to make further conversation impossible: "But you do believe in Art, don't you?" It was the inflection of his voice that supplied the word with a capital A. And upon my bluntly replying: "No!" he looked at me as though he thought me as mad as I knew him to be shallow.

Well, but if the artist does not believe in art—and no painter believes in art if he is an artist—in what does he believe? If his soul is even slightly tainted with the virus of that uplift and enlightenment which rages as a pestilence through our world today, he probably believes that art has a definable, palpable mission, just as he will believe (ever so much more sensibly) that a tree, for instance, gives shade in the summer and fruit in the autumn. But he does not believe in art any more than in the tree: there is the tree for him and everybody else to see and enjoy—he knows it is there and accepts it as a fact, thankfully or indifferently. There are the stars and the moon and the sun, the earth spread fair before him, and all living creatures to behold, to love, to pity or abhor. There is all creation, in a word.

But he will tell you, if you ask him, that he does not believe in the creation either. He knows it is there—since he is a conscious part of it and has his conscious part in it, he cannot escape awareness of its existence. He may believe the story of the creation, he may even believe *in* the story—and indeed, the more truly he is artist, the more firmly will he believe and the more inevitable will be his belief; quite conscious though he must be of the biological dogma that has declared such belief untenable, and even though he accept, indifferently enough, the mere physical justification of science's "locuta sum." But he cannot believe in the creation itself. All he will confess—if you pin him down and insist upon an answer—is belief in a creative Will. It is the modern progressivist, the so-called or self-called sceptic, that most gullible and superstitious of creatures, who can believe anything and everything and nothing, who is greedy to swallow all that a thinking and believing man must gag at; and it is the man of faith and thought who is your true sceptic, for he can believe only in God.

> "Yet wait I on God's wonder. Nothing's true,
> And possible that things may chance without Him.
> Not God I doubt, but all I doubt that doubt Him,
> And if He will, all's wonderful and new."

Thus ineptly have I attempted to render the thought which seems so tersely to sum up the idea, in the last stanza of Karl Kraus's verses: Vor dem Schlaf—the fundamental scepticism of the artist, of the believer in God and in His miracles. He goes through life ever on the lookout for God's wonders, and all about him, before, behind, underfoot, under his very nose, they lie in wait for him; while others are blind and thus necessarily unbelieving: the little bustling busybodies, unreasoning rationalists, enthusiastic economists, sentimental sociologists, all fussily on the alert to proclaim faith in all the things that are not true or are not there, and all boosting and blathering and banging each others' backs in ecstasy over the things that "chance without Him"—the miracles of mechanics, their trumpery technical triumphs.

No; the artist does not believe in art. Art is only a result, call it an expression if you must, of the creative will transmitted by grace through the Holy Ghost to human hearts and made manifest by human hands. The painter who believes in art is a man of little faith, and his output is not creation but, at best and worst, expression. And who the devil is he, that anyone should care what he has to express?

The Present Help

The wings of God are wide and cast a shadow
Wider than condor's wings or the albatross;
Their shadow is very dark, as dark as midnight,
Their shadow is dark as the shadow of the Cross.

Yet under them shalt thou trust. Evil shall go by thee
Safe in the darkness under thy God's wide wings;
Though thou hear mountains moving and arrows are flying,
Thou shalt be still as a child whose mother sings.

Far outside in the light are thy joy and sorrow;
Forget, forget the pleasant things thou hast left,
Put from thy mind anxiety and hunger,
Hope that was long deferred and love bereft.

Have now no fear of the darkness that enfolds thee,
God's wings are spread as an eagle's over her nest.
The wings of God are wide and safe for hiding,
There in the darkness shall thy soul find rest.

LOUISE DRISCOLL.

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COMMUNICATIONS

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. ALFRED E. SMITH

New York, N. Y.

(The following letter is printed in this section, rather than as an article, because of its directly personal tone and application. It differs from the contributions usually included here in not being addressed to the Editor of The Commonweal. Mr. Ratner is a member of the Department of Philosophy of Columbia University.—The Editors.)

MY dear Mr. Smith:—The last election demonstrated beyond any shadow of any doubt that we have in this country today not a two- but a one-party system. The Republicans have succeeded to office for so long they now believe the Presidency devolves to them by the inalienable natural right of inheritance. This belief was implicit in Herbert Hoover's conduct throughout the campaign. Even though he had to contend with one of the most spirited and formidable opponents Republicans have ever had the honor of facing, he consistently acted as if he had no opponent at all—as if, merely by virtue of his being the Republican candidate, the Presidency was his.

That a presidential candidate in a political democracy should be able to ignore both his opponent and the people is deplorable. It means that instead of a democracy we are an ill-disguised oligarchy or bureaucracy. We are this today because the political sense of the American people has become so dull that they now display—as they did so unmistakably in the last election—no political sense at all. They elected to the Presidency a man who by his conduct denied the very foundations of our political system. And the actions of even Mr. Hoover speak more forcibly, if not more eloquently, than his words. Furthermore, by electing the Republican candidate, the American people placidly subscribed to the party that had Cabinet members guilty of vast corruptions, and gave a vote of confidence to a President who, it seems, has never been able to recognize the faintest unpleasant odor that issued from his own Cabinet room when its doors were opened to the public.

You have, on two different occasions since November 6, tried to rekindle courage and hope in the hearts of the Democrats of the country by your interpretations of the election results. On November 13 you based your plea for courage and hope on the large popular vote the Democratic candidate received. On January 16 you added another support to your plea. You told us then that had only 420,000 popular votes been redistributed in certain ways, the Democrats and not the Republicans would have won the favor of the Electoral College. In a popular vote of close to 40,000,000, the margin of 420,000 is indeed very small. It is the kind of margin that any party may hope to better by four years of militant tactics. No doubt many were heartened by your most recent analysis of the election results, for it would seem to indicate that instead of receiving a crushing defeat at the last election, the Democratic party received only a very close shave.

In times of stress almost any method of bolstering up a failing courage is, I suppose, legitimate, and possibly even desirable. There is one very serious danger, however, in using this method. What was first consciously used only as a means of temporary encouragement may unconsciously become, by continued use, a basis for false hopes in the future.

The Democratic party did not really lose by 420,000 votes; it lost by at least several million. By post-mortem ideal redistribution the actual figure can be reduced; but to accept such theoretical reduction as a basis for future policy is to deal with the Electoral College not in a political and realistic spirit, but in a self-deluding and gambling spirit. For there is only one chance in many million years that any future election will see votes cast in such a highly theoretical way that the fine margin will be in favor of the Democratic party.

It is the part of sober wisdom to recognize that the Democratic party was defeated again; and not by a fluke, but by a decisive majority. The last defeat was quite in line with the history of the party which has managed, as you pointed out on November 13, to elect only two Presidents in a period of sixty-five years.

You will grant that to win the chief office only twice in sixty-five years is not a very good showing. The fact that the Democratic party can still survive at all does undoubtedly testify to the strength of the Democratic organization; but it is a testimony to its strength in hardy old age, its strength to endure; not to its strength to fight adequately and to win.

No profounder or truer words have ever been uttered on the conditions of progress in a democracy than your words of November 13. "The political history of the United States clearly indicates," you then said, "that every progressive step, every great governmental reform, has been won only after a period of persistent effort, and by the slow process of educating the electorate." These words, we know, are not just fine-sounding platitudes in your mouth; they are your democratic creed, the expression of the principles that motivated you during your tenure of the governorship of the state of New York, the spirit that animated and informed your activity in the presidential campaign. As governor you have shown yourself to be a true and great leader in a democracy. You have always gone to the people with the problems that confronted you because you knew that you could not adequately solve them unless the people themselves—whose problems they really were—fully realized their nature and participated in their solution. Your conduct in the presidential campaign exhibited the same sterling faith in the fundamental principles of democracy. You tried heroically to bring the American people to a realization of themselves, their problems and their duty. You succeeded in your self-appointed task to an unprecedented degree, considering the limitations of your opportunity. To you unquestionably belongs most of the credit for the live and unusual interest the people took in the campaign, and the large popular vote. That you did not reap the just harvest of your magnificent labors was not your fault but the fault of the American people. You were the unfortunate victim of the whirlwind that always follows in the wake of political torpor and malicious stupidity.

To say that the American people were at fault in the last election is to place the blame where it immediately belongs; it is not, however, to reveal the cause of their failure. The failure of the American people was not due to any inherent inability to think with intelligence on political affairs; it was due to lack of political education, and the unreliable experience of an only recently and partially awakened political consciousness. And the blame for this lamentable condition of national political apathy and ignorance falls squarely on the shoulders of the two major political parties. It is the bounden duty of a political party in a democracy to educate the electorate. In this most important duty both the Republican party and the Democratic party have disastrously failed.

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The failure of the Republican party is typified in the official national leaders we have recently had and are going to have. By their high and inviolable seclusion Republican Presidents have done more than destroy the meaning of democracy. They have perverted it. They have acted on the tacit principle that the affairs of government are their own private business, not the public business of the American people. They have lived within closed walls; and even when they did condescend to appear in public, they did so only behind the impenetrable back of an official, speaking dummy.

The failure of the Democratic party is typified in its long record of defeat. It has failed to give the American people a real party of opposition, a party with a real fighting chance to win every time it enters the contest. Education, as you know, is a function of interest. Where there is no interest there can be no genuine and persistent process of learning. The American people have lost—or else failed to develop—any vital political interest because the decision of the quadrennial contest is about as good as predetermined. No matter how much the people may admire a fighter who comes up for more as often as he is beaten down—a fighter who is, in technical terminology, a "glutton for punishment"—the fight necessarily loses all point and interest if the decision can be rendered almost certainly before the fight ever begins.

The great American electorate sorely needs to be educated. But as long as the present political alignment is continued that education will be impossible, and the plight of the American people will become increasingly miserable. The last campaign demonstrated how unsatisfactory, how largely fictitious, our present political opposition is. There is no real opposition of forces. Because of your leadership, the campaign took on a serious and genuine character which revealed only the more plainly how trivial and unreal are the usual differences between the two major parties. There were bolters from both parties. Hidebound Democrats felt they would really be more at ease under the somnolent banner of Hoover; and progressive Republicans realized they really belonged as followers of your own militant standard. The Solid South was broken and the rumblings of Republican disaster were heard in the West.

All signs point to the same desperate need: we need a new party. And you of all men in America today are the one best able to create that new party. You are the well-accredited candidate of over fifteen million voters. If we had had our way, you would now be our President. But because you are not our President, you are all the more our leader. And because our governmental system does not provide an appropriate function for the defeated candidate in the way in which the parliamentary system of England, for example, does, it is the duty of your supporters to give you a task commensurate with your ability and their needs.

From all public indications it seems that you have come to a parting of the ways in your life. You have publicly announced your intention of retiring from the political field. You have served the public for twenty-five years and you say you deserve a rest. No one will deny that you deserve a rest. But can you take a permanent rest from political activity at this time—one of the times of greatest need in our democracy? Can you forsake the American democracy when it needs you most? It is incredible that you can or will. Your own words give us just cause for being incredulous and for having hope. For you told us on November 13 that you are ready now, as you have always been, not only to stand for the principles you have championed all your life, but to "battle for them." These words of yours give us every reason to believe that you will not fail to respond to the call.

It is your high duty to reënter the political arena and to take up the fight for the liberal and progressive interests of the American people—the fight for political democracy, religious tolerance, social, racial and economic equality. This you can do only by creating a new party and leading it to victory. There is no man in America abler or more qualified than yourself for this great task. You have the wisdom, the ability and the experience; and you have as a start the ardent and loyal confidence of over fifteen million voters.

If you devote all your time during the next four years to this great task, and go about the country familiarizing yourself with the needs of the different sections and getting from each section a leader who will adequately represent the best interests of his own community, and who will also adhere to the liberal and progressive principles you stand for, there is no question but that you can build up a new, truly national party that will successfully challenge the undemocratic and irresponsible leadership of the Republican party.

If you undertake this truly noble experiment on behalf of the American people, the benefits that will accrue to them are incalculable. You are far and away the greatest political educator in the land. You have the greatest natural gift a leader in a democracy can have—the gift of making plain and interesting to the people the complicated problems they and their government have to face. In your journeyings from one end of the country to the other, you will speak to the people constantly in your own forceful and telling manner. For what you have in mind to say to the people you always say directly to them yourself; and you always have in mind to say to the people what the people should know. If you could accomplish the marvelous educational work you did in three hectic months, just think of what you could accomplish in four ample years! You would accelerate the "process of educating the electorate" by scores of years. Under your dynamic tutelage and leadership the American people would at last come of age politically.

It would be folly for a novice in political affairs to say anything more about this plan to "the greatest living master of the science of government." A word is always sufficient to the wise.

It goes without saying that you should be financially supported by the people whose leader you are and whom you will be serving with all your energy. You should be paid a salary of, say, $50,000 a year (a larger salary would imply that the salary of the President is niggardly); and all other expenses—such as radio and press—should be paid for you. The necessary funds should be raised by popular subscription from your supporters. You are the leader of the people, and the people should support their leader. We will not mind in the least that we shall also have to pay the salary of Mr. Hoover for the next four years.

It is asking a great deal, we know, to ask you to sever all your official connections with the Democratic party and become the founder and leader of a new party. But to prove that it is not asking too much of you, we point to those who abandoned their parties in order to join in with you. We feel quite confident that you will not fail to take up the cause of the American people because we know you have always put their interests above those of any party or group.

There is only one serious personal objection to this plan which we see you may possibly advance: you have definitely stated that you will not run for office again, and will abide by

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your statement. Against this possible objection there are two unanswerable arguments. The first argument can be stated best in your own words, if you will allow me to change a few expressions: "The Democratic candidate would not be acting in good faith with the people of the country nor in good faith with the millions of those who rallied to his support if he were to sit by and adopt a policy of inaction." [November 13] "A presidential candidate who polls nearly 16,000,000 popular votes should be a tremendous factor in the politics of the country, and the strength and force of that great body should not be lost by his failure to create an organization which would enable them to make themselves heard and felt in the affairs of our nation. . . . There rests upon his shoulders a great responsibility and he must carry the people forward if they are to be effective or, for that matter, if they are to be alive." [January 16]

The second argument relates to the purpose in hand more specifically, though not with the great weight and authority your own words always carry. You will see, upon close scrutiny of our plan, that you are not at all being asked to run for office again. You are asked to become the political educator of the American electorate. Once the American electorate are educated, is there any doubt as to what they will do? No; if you accept this plan you will not have to run for office again. You will not even have to walk. You will be carried into office triumphantly on the shoulders of an intelligent and grateful people.

JOSEPH RATNER.

SEEKING THE LITTLE MEN

Girard, Penn.

TO the Editor:—You will kindly allow one of your readers the following remarks anent an item in your issue of February 27 on Seeking the Little Men. This will help you and others interested in the subject to know who Father Paul Schebesta is.

Father Schebesta is a member of the Society of the Divine Word, which has its headquarters at Techny, Illinois, near Chicago. The said Father himself belongs to the central seminary of the Society at Moedling, Austria, better known there by the name of its patron, Saint Gabriel. Saint Gabriel is a great centre of learning, especially of all that pertains to anthropology, ethnology, linguistics, etc., created by Father Wilhelm Schmidt, S.V.D., the director of the Mission Museum at the Lateran. He has trained a number of the S.V.D. students for anthropological research work, he himself being the originator and first editor of Anthropos, the biggest ethnological magazine on the market, with articles from contributors all over the globe. Father Schebesta is one of the happy band trained by Father Schmidt. If you wish to learn more about these men and their work, please address the American headquarters of the Society of the Divine Word, at Techny, Illinois.

I may add that Father Schebesta's work in which he describes his expedition to an Indian pigmy tribe was published some years ago at Leipzig, Germany, and is at present being done into English in England under the title, Among the Forest Dwarfs of Malaya. These dwarfs are in particular the Semang, vanishing tribes of pigmies that inhabit the jungles of the Malay Peninsula. For further details see the article which appeared in the London Times Literary Supplement on January 3 of this year.

REV. FREDERICK GRUHN, S.V.D.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Black Crook

IT IS not quite true to say that Hoboken has come into its own. Rather, it has come into the heritage of old New York. Much water has flowed through the Hudson to the sea since those days last fall when a few invited friends of Messrs. Christopher Morley, Cleon Throckmorton, Harry Gribble and Conrad Milliken ventured through tubes, or on a ferry-crossing, to watch the performances of a crude but hard-working little stock company in the hallowed confines of the old Rialto Theatre. At that time the Hoboken idea was somewhat inchoate. It meant chiefly that you had dinner at a comfortable and roomy German restaurant, and then wandered half a block, unhurried by traffic, to take a seat in a quaint little theatre in which Lily Langtry once played. The play itself mattered little or not at all. The compensations were of another order and distinctly of another age. One felt like setting to music the immortal epigram of Henry Longan Stuart, to wit, that "Liberty was born in the tavern and perished at the soda fountain." Such was the effect of being surrounded by a few choice spirits, far from the clang of efficient and electrified New York.

Things have changed greatly since then. The Rialto players happened to put on a revival of an old melodrama called After Dark. It proved to be rich entertainment. The good news spread rapidly. Hoboken became the mecca of the soul-weary. And today we find a general scramble among the intelligentsia to obtain credit for starting the fad. Mr. St. John Ervine, in particular, the overseas guest critic of the New York World, asserts boldly that it was he who started everything. Whether he did or not now matters little to Hoboken, which faces a fact rather than a theory—the fact being that two theatres are now filled every night to standing-room capacity, that seats must be ordered days and weeks in advance, and that the quaint little restaurants which once sheltered small groups of congenial friends now cater to mobs of tourists who behave much after the fashion of a Cook's party in old Heidelberg. One excited young lady was even heard to remark, "Isn't there some little restaurant here which the Americans haven't discovered yet?" She was quite oblivious of the far distance of the Rhine.

The offering at the second theatre, under the same management as the Rialto, is The Black Crook, an operatic extravaganza first produced in New York in the days after the Civil War and revived later in the nervous nineties. The present revival copies the edition of the nineties (more or less) and gives us a glimpse of the wild antics which then shocked New York to its marrow, including a march of the Amazons in the boldest and most shameless of pink cotton tights. Incidentally, the leader of this wicked chorus rejoices in no less a name than Radiana Pazmor, and in no less a height than six feet and some inches. She is truly a spectacle to frighten away the evil spirits which attempt to ensnare our hero.

The first-night performance somewhat ruffled the fatigued critics of the New York dailies by continuing blandly into the small hours of the morning. This, I am told on good authority, was not wholly accidental, since the original production was likewise a five-hour spectacle. In those days, when people were enticed to see "the renowned magical and spectacular drama" by Charles Barras, they expected to receive their money's worth—and did! The fact remains, however, that

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by the second night, an hour and a half of renowned magic had been cut out, and I am further informed that today you can actually see the last glorious curtain and leave the theatre by eleven-thirty. So much for the weakened endurance of modern audiences. Youth must be served with brevity.

Among many pleasant things to record concerning The Black Crook is the fact that a large part of the show is excellently staged entertainment. It has real merit of its own, quite aside from the satirical purpose it serves. I mention this because there is some danger of assuming that we have made large progress in showmanship during the last sixty years. It is all very well for the tourists in Hoboken to rock with laughter at what they consider the naïvetés of the sixties and nineties, but the joke is really on the audience and not on the old showmen. For there is just as much sap and pudding in the best Ziegfeld show of today as in The Black Crook. In fact, the lyrics of today are just a little more moronic, the alleged plot is just a trifle more idiotic, and the only real differences are those which come with mechanical invention and altered standards of undress. If you watch the Hoboken audience carefully, you discover that The Black Crook is doing nothing quite so completely as exposing modern "sophistication." Only Messrs. Morley, Throckmorton, Milliken and Gribble can quite appreciate the roaring proportions of the joke. The audience itself is the classic goat.

Plenty of real talent has gone into the success of The Black Crook. Anthony Andre as the villain of the title, Byron Hatfield as the poor artist hero, Eunice Howard as the imperiled heroine and the statuesque Hazel Cox as Stalacta, queen of the golden realms, all deserve mention. But I imagine that Beth Meakins, as one Carline, will remain for many the bright particular star in her songs and dances, and for no other reason than a distinct personality which finds immediate rapport with the audience and culminates with her leadership of the renowned "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" chorus. (At the Lyric Theatre, Hoboken.)

Courage

THIS play, by Tom Barry, which opened some little time ago and has been eking out a pleasant existence, is one of those curious outcroppings of excess sentimentality mixed with a lot of tough truth which fall somewhere between good drama and hokum. It misses being a thoroughly fine character study of an irresponsible though devoted mother of a brood of seven, yet it has moments of rich understanding. It manages, in an unfortunate way, to sentimentalize the bar sinister theme by throwing the warm-hearted charm of Mary Colebrook into vivid contrast with New England hardness of judgment, and by making her seventh child (the son of an extra-marital "romance") the only sympathetic member of the family. Even when Mary goes off in the end to marry the ranchman who was Bill's real father, and thus to use the freedom of her widowhood to right wrong, you feel that the author considers the wrong of no real consequence and is simply throwing a sop to the conventional-minded.

In other words, Courage is a good example of what emphasis and treatment of a theme mean in the theatre. It would be perfectly possible to write the same play with the same plot action and the same general characterization, even retaining a generous measure of sympathy for Mary Colebrook, and still feel more strongly that natural law exacts a retributive balance. What Mr. Barry has really confused in his writing is the difference between forgiveness and consequences. Mary Colebrook's husband treated her abominably. He undoubtedly contributed in chief measure to the hunger which finally made her look elsewhere for affection and understanding. There is perhaps every reason why, after his death, his New England maiden sister should find it possible to forgive Mary and take the affectionate little Bill to her heart, along with the six other children. But because the aunt is stern and unforgiving —in other words, because forgiveness as an idea does not figure in the play itself—the audience is asked to do all the forgiving. To bring this about demands an overflowing of sentiment and the creation of false values which would be totally unnecessary if the play were self-contained. Mary Colebrook's problem is made unreal because the consequences she has to face are unreal and exaggerated. She does not face a problem of real life, but merely a problem created by the over-stressed hard-heartedness of her New England in-laws. It is a clear case of trying to turn wrong into seeming right through the water power of tearful sentiment.

Janet Beecher struggles bravely with the inconsistencies of Mary's part, but it is little Junior Durkin, as Bill, who thoroughly captivates the audience and turns the eventual flood-tide of sympathy. He makes one feel quite brutal and unfeeling in trying to expose the skeleton in the house that sympathy built. (At the Ritz Theatre.)

Why Young Alexander Failed

WHEN so ambitious a production as Young Alexander, by Hardwick Nevin, fails in a week's time, in spite of a distinguished cast and much heralding, someone is sure to ask again what is wrong with the theatre. As a matter of fact, nothing is wrong with the theatre except poor plays, and among them, Young Alexander figures largely.

It is a poor attempt to continue the tradition of The Road to Rome by trying to show, in modern idiom, the secret cause of ancient historical facts. In Alexander's case, Mr. Nevin seems to think that what eventually gave substance to his boyish dreams of divinity was nothing more unusual than the discovery that human love is akin to divine power. The play is (or was) a recounting of supposed incidents in his campaign against Darius culminating in his first experience of a woman's love. To give alleged spice to the situation, the person selected to initiate him is none other than Darius's wife, who is made to pose as the reincarnation of Alexander's mental heroine, Helen of Troy. In spite of Jo Mielziner's atmospheric settings, of the romantic outpourings of Henry Hull as Alexander and of the charms of Jessie Royce Landis as Statira, the net effect of the play was simply puerile and crudely adolescent. It was a sign that the Erskinizing of the costume drama has gone beyond tolerable limits, and that our much-abused audiences have too much rock sense to find real entertainment in the sexual interpretation of history by high-school minds.

Unknown Builder

I love the man who built an inn
Around this ancient tree;
He may have had his secret sin,
His pet iniquity;

But when he pushed the walls apart
That here a bird might nest,
He drew the picture of his heart
More truly than he guessed.

VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE.

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BOOKS

The Early Races

The Arunta: A Study of Stone-Age People, by Sir Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen. New York: The Macmillan Company. $14.50.

THIS book belongs to a class of works like Routledge's description of the Akikuyu and Professor Malinowski's accounts of his Trobrianders—works which are the product of long residence on the part of their authors among the people whom they describe and most painstaking observation of their manners and customs. Every ethnologist knows, of course, The Native Tribes of Central Australia, also by the authors here under review, which was published thirty years ago and made a great sensation, much of Sir James Frazer's work having been influenced by it. Since then other of their works on the aborigines of Australia have appeared. The present volume was actually written by Sir Baldwin Spencer after Mr. Gillen's death, though the facts which it contains and the marvelous series of photographs which illustrate the ceremonies described, represent the work of both.

Australia is a continent with very primitive fauna, for it is inhabited almost entirely by the non-placental division of the mammalia, which division was the first to appear in geological time and is regarded by evolutionists as that from which the placental group was derived. In some measure this fact, taken in conjunction with that of their segregation from the rest of the human race, may have suggested a very primitive character for the indigenous Australians, as well as for the Tasmanians, now long extinct. It is commonly believed that the various inhabitants of the Pacific lands made their way into that area from Asia through the district now known as Singapore, leaving behind them certain vestiges, like the Veddahs of Ceylon and other so-called Australoid races of Asia.

In discussing these Australians, one has always to bear steadily in mind that the word "primitive" is more or less ambiguous and needs careful qualification. Every race in the world has many centuries of history behind it of which we can know nothing, and we are perhaps too ready to assume that, because we think certain features ought to be primitive, races presenting those features or anything like them, must necessarily be primitive also. Today it may be said that ethnological opinion inclines to the belief that these indigenous Australians were much less primitive than was at first supposed.

The scope of The Arunta suggests a few considerations on the general subject of these so-called primitive races of mankind which may briefly be set down here.

Physically, primitive man is always man; contrasted with other mammals he exhibits that discontinuity of species which nature elsewhere presents to us. This after all is surely not a meaningless remark when one considers the kind of doctrine which is preached by many evolutionists. Wherever we find him man cannot possibly be mistaken *physically* for any other animal nor, which is far more important, *mentally*, as a hundred proofs demonstrate. Speech, for instance, has even among the lowest tribes a copious vocabulary of high psychological importance. An excellent example can be found in this book in the list of words denoting family relationships.

There are races which differentiate between the two kinds of cousins, forbidding marriage in one case and not in the other. No one can examine the elaborate totemic schemes by which matrimonial relationships are regulated without coming to the conclusion that those who drew them up had mental capacities by no means to be despised. These schemes bar most of the unions forbidden by our laws, and where the artificial schemes fail to prevent what we should call incestuous marriages, they are in fact forbidden by tribal law.

How, it may well be asked, did these primitive men (unfamiliar with eugenics) arrive at these regulations? Sir James Frazer asked himself this question and replied that it must be due to the "masked wizard of history." No one but Sir James Frazer can tell whether he means the Creator of mankind by that curious periphrase, but it is difficult to find any other answer to the question.

And this brings us to the next fact, namely that primitive man usually has a fairly good system of moral laws. It is not the loin-clothed savage who spends his spare time in retailing obscene stories; that is left to paunchy respectabilities in tweed suits with cigars in the corners of their mouths. Further, while in some tribes the standard of pre-matrimonial purity is not high (in others it may be) post-matrimonial fidelity is usually insisted upon.

All this is of course part of primitive man's religion. That he has always had a religion of some sort may fairly be affirmed, since from the earliest time known to us, he has always believed in a future life, as his successors do today. Everywhere, as William James has pointed out, primitive man is impressed with the idea that there is something wrong between him and his Maker, and that in some way or other this dislocated state of affairs ought to be put right. Almost everywhere he believes in an Age of Gold when man and his Maker were not estranged, and has some kind of code or set of laws which he believes himself to have received from a Superior Being.

In conclusion let us bear in mind this other very significant fact: it is not among the really primitive races that we meet the horrible doings which give us the word savagery, but among those who are materially on a higher rung of culture. It is not among the pygmies of the Central African forests (who have, as Bishop LeRoy has shown, quite a remarkable religious and moral atmosphere) but among Dahomeyans and other Congo tribes that we have the abominations of Juju, cannibalism, human sacrifices and the like. In a similar way in pre-Columbian days in America, it was among the higher civilizations like the Aztecs and Mayas that human sacrifices occurred, not among the less materially advanced Indians of the plains and elsewhere, whose sacrifices seldom amounted to more than that of a fowl or a dog, and even those rare.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Genius Undecided

The Letters of Katherine Mansfield, edited by J. Middleton Murry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $7.50.

THE Letters of Katherine Mansfield are a disappointment to the reader who anticipates delighting again in the prose style of Miss Mansfield's short stories. The personality of which so much is expected from the exquisite tales fails to impress one, and the writing itself is undistinguished. As furnishing glimpses into the real life of an individual capable of fine literary work, and as a mirror of the literary and artistic circles in England just before, during and after the war, however, the book is a valuable revelation.

The first letters published were written in 1913. Katherine Mansfield was then about twenty-six, a temperamental, restless person with a feeling for beauty which as yet was not definite enough to fasten itself to an actual problem. She

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talks vaguely about her writing, her love for it, but realizes that she has not found herself. With the war, her own ill health, and the loss of her brother, we see her character deepen. Mingled with the flippant and charming outbursts of temperamental moodiness are flashes of what must have been her intellectual renaissance as her outlook became more objective, her sense of proportion more accurate and mature. Her correspondence—there are too few examples—with Virginia Woolf at this time is especially significant. In her desperate searching for the real, the fundamental and the beautiful, she has begun to realize what she must aim for.

Her sense for criticism is extraordinarily keen, her opinions are clearly expressed, and her sympathetic insight is remarkable. Toward the close of her life the letters become almost completely preoccupied with discussion of the literary movements of the day. D. H. Lawrence, Marcel Proust, James Joyce and many lesser names come in for their share of criticism. Her temperament has become harnessed finally to a work in which she is vitally interested.

Glimpses of indecision are still frequent. Her notes too often are merely outlets for all the moodiness she so scrupulously avoids in her short stories. They are too much her expression of the inner spirit which protests against her poverty and loneliness, and which tries to waste her energy in mad dashes of spirit and body.

All this is very interesting and gives one much insight into her work. Yet, together with the Journal, these letters also give the clue to certain flaws in her writing—flaws which one feels only vaguely in her short stories. The unrestrained supersensitivity which ruins her letters as examples of good writing intrudes itself, in spite of her selective power, into her art. This is the explanation of her occasional half-sentimentality of mood. With the tempestuous "inner burst"—the glow shed on the world—come inevitably too short, unfinished sentences, incomplete form, non sequiturs. It becomes at times "easy" writing, with no definite aim.

JEAN DOW.

Three Popes

Tre Papi: Leone XIII, Pio X, Benedetto XV, by Ernesto Vercesi. Milan: Edizioni "Athena."

THE author of this book is a well-known priest-journalist. From careful study of the most important available documents, and from a personal acquaintance with the chief personalities he describes, he has written a history of the last three occupants of Saint Peter's chair which is one of the best-informed and most interesting productions of its kind to appear in a long time. The fact that it has the imprimatur of the Archdiocese of Milan deserves to be mentioned, since this, although it does not guarantee historical accuracy, is at least a sign that these chapters—on a subject which gossipy journalism has too often claimed for its own—may be accepted as of sufficient seriousness and authority for the ordinary reader.

The appearance of the book at this moment is well timed; it is indeed, for all its historical narrative, a "livre d'actualité." The chief problems, political, moral and religious, with which all three Pontiffs were associated, are very much to the fore today, and nothing so well demonstrates the position of the Papacy in the world as the fact that, again and again as we read these pages from the past, we are compelled to look at the present and appreciate the foresight of the Holy See and its spirit of adaptation, within the limits of Catholic doctrine, to the needs and special problems of a changing world. As these words are being written there is much talk in the world's press of the settlement of the Roman question. It is a matter of deep interest to see how the essentials of the problem were posed under Leo XIII, and again during the war, under Benedict XV, and how circumstances, or timidity, or even less worthy motives avoided the drawing of conclusions. Or again, the French political world has been stirred by the condemnation of the Action Française and the more recent proposal of the government, in the interests of French prestige abroad, to make certain restorations to the religious congregations. The origins of both controversies go back a good many years. On the subject of the first, Father Vercesi well describes Leo XIII's policy of ralliement to the republic, and the further history of this movement under the succeeding Pontiff; dealing with France and the anti-clerical policy of 1905 onward, he gives a graphic account of the missionary work of Cardinal Lavigerie and the debt of French colonial policy to that Prince of the Church. Keys like these to an understanding of present-day conditions there are in abundance. The French protectorate came to its appointed end—an "ecclesiastical Sedan," as patriotic French Catholics like Brunetière considered it. And one result is much before our eyes in the present Pontificate—the establishment of the native Chinese hierarchy and untrammeled intercourse between the apostolic delegate and the Nationalist government of China. On all this these pages of history shed much light.

The less "actuel" passages are hardly less interesting. Father Vercesi gives a vivid picture of each of the three conclaves; he has an excellent summary of the Kulturkampf; his portrayal of Pius X, reluctant to assume the tiara, being subjected to the requisite interrogation before the tremendous creation of Michelangelo in the Sistine Chapel, the Last Judgment, is unforgettable. There is, finally, an appreciation of the way in which the doctrines of the Church were applied to modern social conditions in the Rerum Novarum encyclical and other documents of Leo XIII. This is familiar ground; less well known are the arguments by which the writer seeks to destroy the old antithesis between Leo and Pius, the "statesman" and the "saint," demonstrating that the latter is unfairly treated by being represented as aloof from and ignorant of the struggles and problems of our workaday world.

JOHN STAPLETON.

Russia's Last Empress

The Intimate Life of the Last Tzarina, by Princess Catherine Radziwill. New York: The Dial Press and Longmans, Green and Company. $5.00.

THE opening sentences of the preface to the Princess Radziwill's book announce that "this is not an apology, nor an indictment of the last empress of Russia." After a perusal of the volume, it is evident that the authoress was quite accurate in saying: "This is not an apology." But when the word "indictment" is considered, quite a different aspect arises, as the following quotations indicate: "She was, though a silly woman, not altogether unintelligent"; "She was not wise, this beautiful, headstrong, silly empress"; "Her intelligence, never going beyond what pleased her, or appealed to her innate sense of selfishness." These three quotations indicate plainly the mental attitude of the authoress. When, however, there are added such gems as "who, though an empress, had perhaps not so much noble blood in her veins as those haughty descendants of Rurik and the old Muscovite Boyars,"

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one can readily imagine how such a passage will be read by the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the late Queen Victoria of England, and that peculiarly loyal entourage of the British court, who knew quite well that the late tzarina was the granddaughter of Queen Victoria and cousin to many of the living members of the House of Windsor. Not content with this kindly suggestion, the statement is made later that "the tzarina was an exceedingly foolish, vain woman, but she was no traitor and remained until the end a faithful wife and an almost too devoted mother."

This final stab at the reputation of the dead woman who at least in her death proved her loyalty to her husband and family, is perhaps the supreme evidence that the book, in the opinion of the authoress, is not an indictment.

The paper cover surrounding the volume informs us that the book is the first authentic and fully documented life of the enigmatic tzarina. It will be found, however, that the twelve lines dealing with the Opritchnikis, are not of this character, but merely a note which might be found in any modern school history of Russia, unsupported by any reference. The same is true in regard to the warning of the president of the Duma to the tzar; there is given no page reference to the memoirs of Rodzianko; while the text of the address of Zemstvo of Tver has been published before this volume in the European press.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Olympus and Its Suburbs

Greek and Roman Mythology, by William Sherwood Fox. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $3.50.

A Handbook of Greek Mythology, including its extension to Rome, by H. J. Rose. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.50.

THE study of ancient religions has only of recent years begun to emerge from that cloud of distrust cast about it by the overzealous and (may I say?) unscrupulous efforts of Max Müller and certain of his followers. The study of the religious beliefs of all peoples is of profound interest to any thinking man, but the temptation is always great to spin and weave on too little basis, and in the case of an ancient religion to make attractive but unsound and often sacrilegious comparisons with the religion of Christ. Max Müller, at one time a professor at Oxford University, all but ruined the scientific study of religions in just this way, and there are modern instances of the same tendency.

The two works under review are fortunately not of this kind. The aim of both is the same. Both authors wish to present a general introduction to the ancient religions of the Greeks and Romans, and neither professes to make any striking contribution to the existing knowledge of these religions. Furthermore, both have drawn cautiously on the work of predecessors known for sound scholarship.

The great problem in such works as these is one of omission. Mr. Fox throughout the preparation of his book has aimed to solve this by presenting and interpreting a number of the typical myths of Greece and Rome as vehicles of religious thought—that is to say, in the discharge of their original function.

Contrary, however, to the usual practice of mythologists, Mr. Fox has narrated the stories of the local heroes before proceeding to the delineation of the divinities. Thus, we find Part I dealing with the Greek Myths, and Part II with the Greater and Lesser Gods. The mythology of ancient Italy

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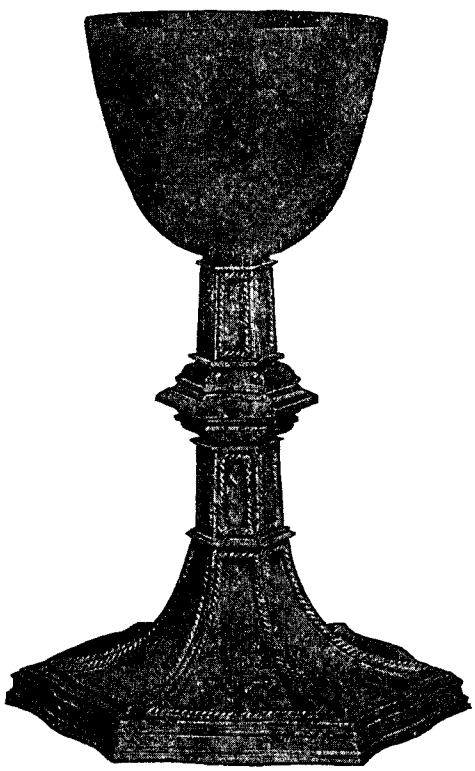

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is discussed in a comparatively brief third part. This arrangement, previously advocated by Gruppe, will appeal to the average reader. It enables one to view the gods as characters, more as they have come down to us through the literature of the ages than as a part of a religious system.

The problem of omission has been met by Mr. Rose in a very different way. He has endeavored to leave out all those persons who have no story worth telling—warriors who appear in an epic only to be killed; gods worshiped in some obscure corner, whose myth, if ever they had one, is now lost; heroes who exist but to provide a legendary founder for some city, and the like. His subject is treated more in the traditional chronological manner. From the viewpoint of one interested solely in religion rather than literature, this arrangement is probably to be preferred.

Although both works are excellent of their kind, one would be inclined to say that Mr. Rose gives evidence of being the better trained for his task. While he professes to make no contribution to the subject, he draws at times on an abundant store of knowledge, some of which at least must have been derived from his own independent study. Mr. Fox's volume, however, is far superior from the point of view of book-making. It is printed on excellent paper and contains seventy-three well-executed plates. Mr. Rose's publishers were not so kind to him. Not a single illustration is to be found within its covers, a serious defect for an introductory work on Greek and Roman religion.

ROY J. DEFERRARI.

More of Sandburg

Good Morning, America, by Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

THE appearance of Carl Sandburg's first book of verse in six years is a major event not only in American poetry but in his own development.

Good Morning, America is not his fullest achievement. It lacks the clear note of discovery he sounded so convincingly in Cornhuskers, and Smoke and Steel. Its realism is tenuous and analytical when compared with the rich effects of life in the earlier poems. The imagery is sometimes painfully evolved. Often the fusion of song with prose fails to achieve an exact suspension of every particle of thought and sensation, so that some lines in the irregular composition rise to the surface in bursting globes of foam while others fall to the bottom like dull slag. The poet has inevitably lost his free control of a subject-matter which he was among the first to realize for our poetry, and likewise the most distinguished to employ in his work.

But if this volume lacks the quick animation, the uninterrupted vitality, of his first work, it is nevertheless a high point in Sandburg's career. It shows him—better than any previous volume except the Lincoln, with its unusual technical variety and force—an artist who has expanded his concepts and adjusted to that expansion the character of his style. He has not sacrificed his original methods. Not a poem in this book could be said to differ in mechanical essentials from his first experiments. Neither has he altered his viewpoint, except perhaps to underscore the sceptical pathos and to soften the exuberant, scoffing hilarity he once showed. Sandburg is one of our few American poets who found himself early, establishing his personality in our contemporary literature directly and unmistakably. But here the intellectual process has been afoot. It does not require the agile Definitions of Poetry in

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the preface to tell us that he has spent six or eight years exploring his resources, turning his experiences and defining his riper wisdom. The very dimensions of this book imply an arduous and fruitful investigation of self.

Three types of poem may be marked here. There are the analytical surveys, such as the title poem, or Many Rocks, or Three Slants at New York, full of amazing contrasts and colloquial oratory. There are the dramatic vignettes, like Sea Chest, The Old Flagman, and Joke Gold—brief strokes of tragedy or pathos. And there are the lyrics. The title poem is a brilliant synthesis, an avalanche of American factors and impressions as remarkable as any we have read. The dramatic poems often hold the very nerve of pity. But the purest inspiration lies in the lyrics, those fine distillations of beauty out of chaos which are wholly Sandburg's own. The fragile Nocturnes, Love in Labrador, and the brief poems of nature are genuine and profound, sure in every word and often uncannily original. They provide the surest test of Sandburg's worth to American poetry: it centers not only in his wide vision of the American pageant, but also in these brief poignant intaglios of the spirit where the growing, advancing artist has defined his real and essential genius.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

It Was the Humidity

Transport, by Isa Glenn. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN THIS book the author of Heat, Little Pitchers, and Southern Charm, assumes the difficult task of winding the lengthy material of a novel around a small spool, of tightening incident and characterization into a time space of three weeks aboard an army transport en route from the Golden Gate to Manila. She is highly successful because she knows how to hit off character in a phrase, how to skip sunsets, how to chisel dialogue until it is skeleton clean of superfluities, how to choose transparent incidents through which the reader can readily see the delineation of the characters and the progress of the story as a whole.

The heat endured by some two dozen passengers on the army transport as it plows a monotonous three-weeks' course in tropical waters, is the gear that starts a series of love episodes and amorous diversions into action. Yet it is not only the climate that tempts the old army men like Colonel Gildersleeve to make fools of themselves; it is the humidity, the stuffy nearness of people living close to one another, as army officers and their kin must live on transports. The old men have harmless flirtations, the matronly ladies and the middle-aged gentlemen with weatherbeaten hearts get them a little more weatherbeaten, the young crowd grows hilarious on the moonlit deck, and the child, eleven-year-old Bill Bhutis, gets his first taste of the muddy side of life. Transport is a sort of community novel. Mrs. Lydia Swan and Doctor Prime engage in the most genuine love pact, but the reader is more interested to see what becomes of a boatload of individuals cooped together for three weeks, when love is at the prow, than to follow the affair of any particular couple. It is a novel of group psychology, moving slowly and realistically.

It is likewise different from anything the author has so far attempted. Her former novels have been more rigidly developed from one central plot incident to another; Transport is impressionistic. Miss Glenn sees a "painted ship upon a painted ocean," and she puts a vital and interesting crew on board for our beholding.

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Briefer Mention

Shanty Irish, by Jim Tully. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

MOODS of humor and pathos blend in Shanty Irish to produce a fascinating picture of Jim Tully's relatives as they moiled and drank their lives out in a small Ohio town of the latter nineteenth century. Whether or not these transplanted Irish men and women are represented truthfully in details of fact, they are certainly so represented in spirit. They are etched with deep, short, biting strokes. Brief sentences, graphic metaphors, helter-skelter snatches of conversation and characterization, wild stories dragged in by the heels—a hodgepodge because of its disordered method, the book yet has the most potent of Tully's magic in it. The most striking of the lot is the tale of the hanging in Ireland. All the characters are memorable because they are indeed characters, from the horse-stealing uncle who died a banker under an assumed name in Canada, to the romantic spinster sister in whom there was the "mystical sadness of her mother." Tough Old Hughie, Tully's grandfather and the roistering czar of the saloons, is the dominating figure. In him the best and the worst in the Irish is blended into a rare concoction.

Defeat, by Ricarda Huch. $3.00; Victory, by Ricarda Huch. $3.00. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

POSSIBLY it is not wholly fortunate that Ricarda Huch should be introduced to Americans by her "prose epic" of the Garibaldean era, never rounded out beyond the second volume and generally considered by critics in her own country as almost the least convincing of her books. She is really a splendid poet, an artist in sombre though somewhat stylicized prose, and a critic of more than a little individuality. These qualities are, of course, not absent from the present book. It displays a gift for passionate crescendo, especially in the scenes which outline the growth of Italian nationalist sentiment after 1848. Though one is never left in doubt as to the author's personal convictions regarding the historical events she discusses, the story keeps pretty well aloof from religious controversy. The figure of Cavour really dominates the narrative, and is sketched with a firm hand aiming to create a strong impression rather than to effect a subtle psychological analysis. Most readers will probably enjoy the scenic pastels.

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